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OUR FAST AGE:

A STUDY IN AMERICAN CHARACTER.

IN the multiplicity of studies that claim attention, there is one which is strangely neglected in modern culture and education. We refer to the study and analysis of human character and motive. It ranks third in the paramount subjects that demand from all some thoughtful and earnest examination. The knowledge of God, of ourselves, and of our fellow-men, constitutes a noble philosophy, the patient searching into which at once affords the highest moral, intellectual, and social discipline, and the most abiding and satisfactory results.

Strange as it seems, however, the majority of men go to their graves with the vaguest notions, and sometimes in complete ignorance of the relations in which they stood to their Creator and their fellow-men. From carelessness, or the irksomeness of self-study, or positive unwillingness to learn the position and responsibilities which as men they were bound to know and to assume, they

live in the world, and depart from it with a haunting sense of having failed of their destiny, and made shipwreck of life. They shuffle out of existence with a helpless and pitiable retrospect upon a life-drama, formless, confused, and inconsistent.

It is a blessed thought that God has come to our rescue in our efforts to master some knowledge of himself. Whilst there is such a thing as natural religion, experience and history have demonstrated its inadequacy. The Creator has marked out for us a road in which the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot go astray. But though this glorious truth cheers the child of the Church, to him the unerring interpreter and guardian of divine truth, it brings not its comfort to those outside the household of the faith. Hence the apathy into which most non-Catholics settle down because of the troublesomeness of religious study and controversy, and

the limited and vague knowledge of God, which unaided reason can acquire. The mass of mankind have no taste for religious speculation, and in order to shirk the trouble of investigation they will accept any theory which does not exact deep thought; any sentimentalism which will satisfy the heart without tasking the head; or any preacher who can manage to soothe and put to sleep the spirit that clamors for argument and proof.

If we had not the Church no doubt we should be just as reluctant to undertake the task of Moore's Irishman, who set out in search of a religion. Speculation in matters of religion is to the average mind repulsive, and to all minds barren unless it leads into the Church. The way of authority is the only way in which man, in religious matters, can be led safely, satisfactorily, and (what is of great moment to such a naturally lazy creature), with great comfort and convenience to himself. So far from the authoritative way being a slavery or despotism, it is our redemption from complete thrall to the few who would relieve us of the trouble of thinking for ourselves.

Suppose God had established no teaching authority to which in doubt or ignorance we could go, but had imposed on us the terrible task of finding out his truth, say even by our private judgment and interpretation of the Scriptures. Who of us would or could devote his life to hunting up Hebrew verbs and Greek particles, the knowledge of which would prove necessary to the complete understanding of the Scriptural text? What absorbing amusement would we find in poring over Biblical lore of every description; in burrowing among the ruins of Jerusalem in search of Scriptural antiquities; in interviewing Jewish Rabbis on Hebrew customs; in reading the ponderous tomes of all the commentators; and even after

this course, holding ourselves in readiness to abandon an interpretation if some German Bible-student, after twenty years' search, should find a punctuation point in some of the manuscripts which completely changed the received reading! We would not have even the satisfaction of following in the wake of learned doctors, for they disagree more than any other class. Our study would begin at nowhere, and, after an exhausting pursuit, would end where it began.

Wherefore we do not wonder at, and scarcely find it in our heart to blame, our sectarian friends for meekly and wearily folding their hands, and allowing their favorite minister to do all the work of the Pope and Ecumenical Councils, in expounding faith and inculcating morals. It is refreshing to hear Brother Jones, who has had the witness of the Spirit, discourse in the most assured manner on themes of tremendous import and consequences. It is pleasant to believe that the brother, to borrow a usual phrase of his, knows all about the "great Gospel plan of salvation." Perhaps some of his hearers would like to share in the enthusiastic glow of his devotional fervor, and the plenitude of his religious knowledge, and wonder how he got both, but the congregation accepts the brother without question. It is so much easier to feel than to reason; to believe than to examine the grounds of belief! And so we have millions of men throughout Christendom that believe in, with and because of Jones and his brethren in the ministry.

Whatever justification listlessness in religious study may claim, there is, however, no reason for carelessness in the examination of the social, political, and merely human tendencies of the age in which we live. To study mankind is a duty which we owe both to them and to ourselves. This study

should not be prosecuted in the spirit of obtrusive curiosity, much less with selfish or malicious intent, but for our own guidance in dealing with men, and the good which our knowledge of their bent and disposition will enable us to do for them. Our essay is designed to point out, particularly to that class of our readers whose youth and inexperience expose them to the danger of fanciful notions about life and men, certain helps and hints in the study of the average human character encountered in our day and land.

Viewed simply in a selfish light, this study is pre-eminently advantageous. The man that can read his fellow-men is always their master. It was the boast of the first Napoleon that he was never deceived in his estimate of a man's character, and hence the incomparable and invincible array of military and diplomatic talent that supported and guarded his throne. We find that the successful politician, lawyer, editor, and business man is always one who controls his fellow-men by his superior knowledge of character in its general and individual manifestations.

It is a flattering delusion which all of us cherish, that we possess the key which unlocks the secrets of hearts. We plume ourselves upon our penetration; and it frequently takes several severe shocks to rouse us from our complacent infallibility. The truth is, the study of human character is a science, with fixed laws requiring close studies, and with experimental processes which each student must carefully watch. How frequently we are surprised at the discovery of baseness and treachery in a trusted friend; how frequently amazed at the discovery of depths of affection and regard, in a seemingly indifferent acquaintance. Our first lesson should be, that human nature is full of surprises; surprises, however, which follow certain laws.

Yet one would think that nothing is easier than the portrayal of human character. Mankind spreads before us as a vast book, which we never tire of reading. Every revelation of a phase of character interests us. This revelation is the attraction of history, biography, and romance. It lends a peculiar charm to the tea-parties of Mrs. Grundy. It forms the soul of conversation. If we talk to a friend on the sublimest themes and most momentous events, in the discussion of which the element of human character only incidentally enters, he hears us listlessly, compared with the eager attention with which he will learn that Brown, the cashier of such a bank, has absconded with a half million.

Personal observation holds the chief place in our study. An illiterate man, who uses his eyes and ears, can pass a shrewder judgment than the learned philosopher, whose spectacled eyes see only books. Each in his own sphere is forced to develop powers of special observation. A police detective instinctively notes. One clergyman can almost invariably recognize another, even independently of his peculiar dress. It is remarkable that a Catholic can generally distinguish one of his church from a sectarian. We fail to benefit by this intuitive perception, because we never reflect upon its law or cause, or seek any explanation of the immediate judgment we form. There is likewise a subtle instinct which moves us to trust in some and distrust others. Whilst the law of sympathy and antipathy should always be subjected to and ruled by reason, it is remarkable how wonderfully and even providentially correct are judgments so formed. A man that fights down the instinctive antipathy which he forms to another, does so at his own peril, unless the reason of the dislike be trivial, sinful, or unfounded.

Few young men, however, pause to observe. They rush into friendships which prove their temporal and spiritual ruin, on the strength of an introduction, a show of good-fellowship, a bit of flattery, or even a convivial glass. This remark applies with peculiar force to Young America, who does not understand, or, if so, despises, the conventional code in European society, which makes an applicant always show his credentials. The satiric maxim, "Believe every man a rogue till you find him honest," is at once contrary to Christian charity and absurd; for did we but cultivate, even in a small degree, the observant faculties that God has given us, we could in by far the majority of cases discover a man's calibre with as much rapidity as certainty.

After personal observation, books serve materially in introducing us to character. Not all books, but those written by acknowledged readers of the human heart. The world instinctively recognizes the power of such authors, and confers immortality upon their works. Why is it that Homer sings his deathless song to the listening ages? Not because of his matchless rhythm or language, but because, under the magic of his genius, there rise before us men and women whom we recognize and claim as kindred; because he sketches ourselves, and we seem to have pre-existed in the beings whose mind and hearts, hopes and fears he describes. Tears start from us as he pictures the agony of Priam, father of kings, prostrate in the dust, at the feet of the murderer of his child, his royal brows uncrowned, his gray hairs veiling his anguish-riven face, his aged hands outstretched in supplication for the dead body of his boy. The mysterious tie of nature binds us to the bereaved man. The light of his fatherly love illumines, and his broken sob re-echoes through two thousand years. We feel that

the author who could so sympathize with and depict an overmastering grief, understood our nature.

So in modern literature, Shakspeare, master of the human heart, is to us a wellspring of unfailing delight. The humor and braggadocio of Falstaff, the guilt-wasted soul of Macbeth, the truculency of Richard, the tenderness of Juliet—all his imaginings crystallized in his perfect language, touch and move us, because he so well knew how to realize his own rule of "holding the mirror up to nature."

Thus, too, in regard to the things around us, their mastery over us depends upon their power of revealing glimpses of nature. All the exquisite gems, the fluted pilasters, perfect statuary, and the manifold appliances of a great and beautiful civilization, that have been unearthed from the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, have not moved the great heart of humanity so profoundly as did two simple discoveries. The first was the lava-moulded form of the Roman sentinel who stood at his post, leaning on his spear, and met the avalanche of ashes, as it fell like a pall upon the doomed city. His silent form is a token of the courage and fidelity of which our nature is capable. The second discovery was the sweet home-picture of a mother fondling her little one, and holding up to its baby grasp an apple, as, all intent upon her child, she did not hear the rush of the lava and fire, that were to mould her and her babe in an immortal group, the thought and the sight of which would move men more deeply than any statue chiselled by Praxiteles, or any painting limned by Apelles.

Books and works of art that deal with any subject for which universal sympathy and interest cannot be excited, are of their nature limited in power, save to the few to whom they are addressed.

There is, 'tis true, something exceedingly beautiful and romantic in the idea of Linnæus, the eminent botanist, traversing the globe in the pursuit of his favorite study, bending over flowers, shielding their tender petals from the storms that visited the rough climes through which his flower pilgrimage led him, and rising from the contemplation of his floral favorites, to embody their fragrant loveliness in his botanical writings. Yet, after all, his work does not appeal to our sympathies as powerfully as the simplest story of life. Audubon with his birds, Cuvier and Buffon with their animals, Tyndall, with his searchings into the mysteries of light, Agassiz and his minerals, fail to disprove the saying of the poet, "The proper study of mankind is man."

Now the natural variety of human character, the diversified forms into which our plastic nature turns, and the influences to which it is so keenly susceptible, combine in each era to produce different types of character. Yet as the basis of nature remains always the same, receiving as a substratum the different forms and impressions made upon it, there results a unity in variety; so that despite the varying dispositions and different objects of men, there is in each period a prevailing type of character, a sameness of traits, a particular cast of thought and sort of identity of habits, customs, and spirit. These embodied constitute the man of that day. He sums up the peculiar genius, temperament, and civilization of his age.

It would immensely aid our readers in the course of thought which this essay is intended to awaken, if they would familiarize themselves, through history, with the man of the most remarkable epochs. For instance, the man of the Greek heroic period was he

who could hurl the dart and discuss farthest; who could wrestle the most powerfully; who could guide the glowing wheels of the chariot most skilfully around the Olympic circle. In contrast with him stands the man of the Greek literary era. So the republican Roman was the ideal of a warrior; and the degenerate children of the Empire, the realization of the sensualist's dream. Nothing furnishes the mind so much healthy amusement and instruction as the tracing of apparently trivial causes to the mightiest effects, upon the whole character of an age. The brusqueness of the Englishman, the politeness of the French, the stolidity of the German, in fact, the distinctive characteristics of all the modern nations, open a field for investigation in which the mind may long dwell with pleasure and instruction. This department of ethnology is almost wholly abandoned to materialists, whose only object is to prove that material causes alone, such as climatic influences and diet, differentiate men, whilst the fact is, religious, educational, and social ideas exert by far the most powerful influences.

In illustrating these theories, we take up the average American. He presents an admirable subject for dissection and analysis. Our American life is in its very essence changeful, kaleidoscopic, abounding in rapid transitions, spirited and sensational. If you go to China, you will find the same traits, the same customs, the same institutions that Confucius founded. The son follows the trade or the profession of his father. In keeping with the system of caste, both in China and India, a tailor will show you with admiring awe the needle and scissors used by his great grandfather, and the shoemaker will exhibit the original kit of tools of the founder of his house.

Nothing is more different from

the constant change perpetually going on in our social system. It is a boast with us that we have no distinctions except those of worth, intellect, and industry. The widest scope is given to our man to develop his brain, tact, and resources.

The result of this obliteration of any hereditary conditions or influences upon a man's individual career gives a vast stimulus to personal energy and enterprise. When our man has made his fortune he does not care if in tracing his pedigree, as some one says, you stumble across a wheelbarrow or pickaxe.

It is of course rather difficult to particularize the characteristics of so versatile a being, but on reflection we think it will be found true to define his general character as fast. Rapidity enters as chief element into all his doings, from changing the Constitution to eating his dinner. People coming from the busiest metropolis of Europe and landing in New York, have their breath almost taken away, on sight of our man and the boundless activity which he displays. He has made the fastest time on record, clearing the circle of business, science, literature, and politics at a rate compared with which the progress of other nationalities is a veritable snail's pace. He is sent to school at an age when European children are still in the nursery. The average American boy gives up childish plays at ten, at which mature age you will find him in the parlor, chatting familiarly with his elders.

This precociousness is developed and stimulated by our system of public school education. We have seen boys of twelve engaged in the study of political economy and mental philosophy. The child is whirled through a course of study that confuses and perplexes him; but he is told that the motto is "Swifter and higher." If, luckily,

he is slow and not inclined to hard study, as every healthy *child* should be, he is railed at and browbeaten without mercy. School committees pat the bright boy on the head, and tell him that he will become President of the United States. This abnormal development of the head is conducted without regard to the heart. No religious training, no moral influence, no æsthetic relaxation, in fact, come in to divert his strained attention. The Sabbath-school is only day-school with a change of text-books. His morality is measured by the number of Scriptural texts he has committed to memory. To hasten education every device is resorted to. The calm, orderly processes of thought, that form the highest education, give way to a system of cramming, as hurtful as it is useless. A multiplicity of studies is confusion. But it matters not provided *our* boy can "graduate" at fifteen.

Hence the marked lack in this country of the highest culture in the professions. We have more books but fewer thorough scholars. The race of famous lawyers and physicians seems to have become extinct, not through want of natural talent in their successors, but through a superfluity of educational aids that do away with the necessity of thinking. A physician can prescribe from any number of medical dictionaries; a lawyer can get up a brief by simply copying from a legal lexicon. Things have come to the pass they have reached in England, where, it is said, a clergyman can command any sermon he desires, at prices ranging from a shilling to five pounds. Aside altogether from religious grounds, our common school system has produced a superficial, impudent, and worthless scholarship, which has entered into college and university, and has turned many a promising student,

that gave warrant of ripe culture, into a conceited sciolist.

Truly assured of his superiority in every respect, our American youth starts out in life with one idea,—to make money as fast as he can. His mind is filled with visions of self-made men. He reads advertisements of such characters in the illustrated papers. Mr. Porkpacker, for instance, has his portrait and a biographical sketch regularly reproduced for the benefit of "struggling young men." Mr. Porkpacker, the sketch informs us, was born in very humble circumstances. He learned to read by the light of a pine-knot in a backwoods log-cabin. He started out in life with nothing but a few hogs and a ten-cent note. By honest industry and pluck he managed to thrive well. He speculated with hogs so successfully that he managed to get up a corner in the pork market, and cleared in one day over two hundred thousand dollars. He is now universally known as the "Hog-Prince of the Great West."

Under the inspiring influence of these and kindred examples of rapidly made fortunes, our man begins to work, work, work; doing more in a week than men of other nationalities accomplish in a month. He thinks nothing of rushing to the railway station with a valise the size of a pocket-book, and riding from an Atlantic seaboard town through to San Francisco. Speed less than forty miles an hour puts him in a bad humor. He wonders how his ancestors contented themselves in a stage-coach. He smiles pityingly at the thought of the old papers that issued extras with "ten days later from Europe." His dress indicates the same love of speed that characterizes all his movements. The short nobby coat, the light hat, the convenient shoes, the easily adjusted collar and neck-tie, are in contrasted rapidity with the ponderous coats and sur-

touts, the immense hats, the buckled and elaborate shoes, and suffocating neckcloths, harnessed and begirt in which his slow ancestors paced leisurely along.

Why wonder we that under the action of these rapid life-currents our society is continually changing, our modes of thought ever fluctuating, our love of the sensational intensified? Anything with the rapid element in it charms us. We like to be startled. A newspaper without a sensation in it bores us. Our man growls at but secretly enjoys the details of a robbery or political fraud that runs into the millions. If he goes to the theatre, he yawns over a tragedy, but looks with interest on a sensational drama. Fires less than Chicago's or Boston's will not kindle his enthusiasm. Not that he delights in any dread calamity, but the intense activity of his life feeds on sensation.

His energy is not so continuous as swift. He would engage to tunnel the planet through to China, if it could be done within a definite time. Under the application of this energy he has overcome every obstacle. He plunges into the bosom of the earth and wrings from her the treasures which she has hidden in primeval darkness, welded in the grasp of granite, and guarded by sentinels whose very breath threatens to wither up his life. The fires of his consuming energy light up his thousands of workshops. The unending whirr and sweep of his vast engines are music to his ear. His newspaper is the world in print. If he makes up his mind to interview an explorer in the wilds of Africa, he does it. If he wants to hear how all the music in the world sounds at once, he builds a Colosseum and hears it.

He amuses himself in the same quick manner. In fact we have no recreation properly so called. The quiet conversation, the lingering visits to art galleries, the exquisite

pleasures of music, the leisurely stroll, are not to our man's taste. He likes to stand up at a bar with a cigar and talk business or politics. Here is stimulus, the best thing after speed and its general accompaniment.

His political like all his views are the result not of deep thought but natural quickness. Our republican institutions afford him a wider scope for activity. Of the science of government he has only one idea, that his government is the best on the face of the earth. His patriotism is laudable, and the general fact is true. But unless our man learns to think and act as deliberately as the founders of our government, he will not be able to make the boast much longer. The war with the South resulted from our unfortunate habit of doing everything with a rush. The government is at the mercy of the class that think the least. Were it not for the President's good sense, we should have gone to war with Spain about a crew of freebooters. The "sober second thought" seems rarely to come to us.

Combined with our mechanical energy there is this thoughtlessness about matters of the highest moment. A constituency will return a candidate to office who is notoriously incompetent or even dishonest. Corruption and bribery may have some part in the election; but the chief reason for such election is the indifference of our people. They will not take time to think. They vote as a matter of routine. They laugh over the rascality that robs them, and the stupidity that legislates for them, but make no effort to remedy matters. Not one in ten cares about reading the details of Congressional investigations into official misdemeanors. It takes too long!

The same carelessness shows itself lamentably in our man's religious opinions. The secret of the

success of Methodism here is the stimulus, the sensation it causes, and the rapidity with which it makes its conversions. But taking the general people, indifferentism is the prevailing characteristic. Its reason is found in the same reluctance to think or investigate. As we remarked in the introductory paragraphs, a man who is obliged to think out a religion for himself will tire of the work. The native American class care nothing for religious disputes. Any animosity against the Church can be traced to the presence of Irish Orangeism or other old world rancor. This latter element working upon American indifferentism has had some power in prejudicing the American mind against Catholicity; but practically it matters not to our man whether you are a Protestant or a Hindoo.

This indifferentism is to be deplored. Any creed, not positively immoral, is better than none. Indifferentism is the avenue to all vagaries in belief, and from wrong belief generally come bad morals. The liberalism that makes no distinction between Jew and Christian is pernicious, however good-natured it seems. Yet if this doctrine is taught, forthwith the cry of "religious intolerance" is raised. So far from attempting to check this unfortunate tendency in the public mind, Protestantism seems to encourage it. Unable to unite doctrinally, the sects practice indifferentism and call it unity. The dogmatic lines of difference among them have become dimmer year by year, until the Catholic Church is, as she necessarily must be, the only thoroughly distinctive and unique religious body in Christendom.

Nobody values the blessings of religious liberty more highly than Catholics, to whom they are generally denied. At the same time we do not believe in that liberalism and indifferentism which rank all religions alike. To such an idea may

be ascribed the lack of such a power as public conscience. There seems to be no thorough expression of the national judgment upon, and condemnation of, public crimes and abuses. The press is the only organ through which such judgments can be fulminated; but American journalism is either afraid or unwilling to ascend the tribunal. Now and then some manly journal will denounce crime without fear or favor; but our press, though without a censorship, is more timid and reticent than the press of any European country. The people naturally grow careless in noting political misdemeanors which are never thoroughly exposed, much less punished. The public conscience, which, if properly trained, could become as sensitive as individual conscience, is blunted. Most of our newspapers seem to regard crime as good material for jokes. The column of police reports is frequently far more humorous and "spicy" than the column of wit and humor. An embezzling clerk furnishes fun for the whole side of a comic paper. These may seem little things, but they indicate pretty fairly the turn of the popular mind.

Haste and hurry, the national failing, spoil also nearly all our literary work. What crude, unfinished articles are to be found in our professedly literary periodicals! Their aim seems to be to exact as little thought as possible from their readers. We find dainty little meaningless poems, pretty stories, light superficial essays that can be thoroughly mastered whilst lounging on a hotel piazza, or travelling in a railway car. Some of our journals depend for original matter on one writer, who is obliged to write the editorials, review the books, criticize the drama, report the local news, and discuss the money market. Even where a paper has a large corps of writers there ever seems a hurried tone in the

editorials, which gives evidence of disjointed thinking, and a desire to "fill up," as journalists put it. The higher English journalism is far superior to ours in point of thought and deliberate writing. No editorial article is inserted in the *Times* until it has been thoroughly examined, weighed, and approved by the entire editorial corps.

Until this homely virtue of slowness with sureness is practiced by our writers, we shall look in vain for an American literature. One of our "novelists" boasts of having written ninety large romances, and her publishers, with the newspapers, pronounce her an "American classic." When quantity, not quality, makes an artist's productions classic, our novelist's claim may be allowed. Even geniuses like Walter Scott and Dickens wrote themselves out long before they reached their last novel. The lesson which our writers must learn is the lesson which the whole country must learn — *festina lente*.

The American character must train and correct itself. We have no neighboring nations to keep us balanced. We are by ourselves, and if we are not exposed to the meanness of copying from other nations, we have not the advantage of their greater experience and culture. The people are rich in manifold excellent traits, in high-toned patriotism, in unbounded energy, in liberal patronage of the arts and sciences, and a noble ambition to develop the land with which God has blessed them. If the peace of quiet energy would come upon their restlessness, if thoughtful examination would enter into their religious and political speculations, if care and patience would take the place of the spirit of brilliancy and sensation which pervades most of their literary and artistic work, the nation would rise into higher and nobler civilization. We trust that our essay, which we fear illustrates

the literary faults we have condemned, may direct the attention of our readers to the study of character in general, and in particular to their own character, as it is modified by the spirit of our age and land. The highest and mightiest type of character, is that formed by the teachings of the Catholic Church. There is our morality guarded and watched by the confessional, our intellect disciplined

by faith, our whole life and its destiny revealed to us in the clearest light. It should be our joy, as it is our duty, to develop fully this glorious character within ourselves. If every Catholic in the land were a good Catholic, the presence of such a spiritual power and blessing would elevate and purify even public opinion, and command an influence which all good men would reverence and applaud.

THE SUMMER OF THE SACRED HEART.

SOFTLY as their dying flowerets,
Gently as their angel lays,
Burdened with our prayerful sighings
Pass sweet Mary's silver days.
Grace-clad souls that round her altar
Felt the kiss of heaven's ray,
Waking from their trance angelic
Sad retrace life's dreary way.

Like a tempest-blighted garden
Seems now Mary's lovely shrine;
Like the beach-cast shells of ocean,
Hearts but echo joys divine.
The spell's but hushed, it is not broken;
Forth in doubled might 'twill roll,
Like the gushing kiss of summer
On the springtime's fainting soul.

Now June's mighty sun o'erwhelms us,
'Neath his gaze the flow'rets quail,
Like choice souls by God elected
Who 'neath love's sweet burden fail;
Till as falling dews of even
Soothes he them with sweets of grace,
That refreshed they glad may journey,
On to heaven, their resting-place.

As the sickle-bearer, stealing
'Mid the harvest's golden folds,
Glideth on the gleaner Jesus
To his harvest of men's souls.
As Ruth of old, goes with him Mary,
Gathering up the scattered wheat,
That God's garner be o'erflowing,
That love's harvest be complete.

Lo! the birds with drooping pinions,
 Warmth hath hushed their fairy song;
 See the heated streams scarce murmur,
 As they listless glide along.
 Fervid nature basketh drowsy,
 Sighing gives a fevered throb,
 Like the soul that silent revels
 In the burning love of God.

HE enthroned on yonder altar
 That with perfumed beauty glows,
 Wastes his heart with self-consumings
 While it shares our human woes.
 With the lights, the flowers, and incense,
 We before Him spend our sighs,
 This love-sip is like the summer,—
 A foretaste of Paradise.

Fall not like the sun-pressed flowerets,
 Droop not as the swooning scene,
 Cease to sing not like the birdlings,
 Grow not tepid as the stream.
 Souls that Mary spring-like softened,
 Summered then by Jesus' love,
 As its joys, earth's griefs are fleeting,
 Crowned by endless joys above.

MARRYING AN HEIRESS.

I.

"TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR."

PIERRE FRÈCHON invariably called the nondescript vehicle of which he was the owner "a cabriolet of the first class," but by any other name it could not have been less uncomfortable. In dinginess, discomfort, and in the astounding variety of groans and strange noises that it contrived to emit, it certainly was "of the first class," but Pierre generally managed *before starting* to conceal the equivocal meaning of his pet epithets.

On a certain evening in February Pierre's cabriolet jolted lazily on the road between Paimbœuf and Nantes. It contained but two passengers, both men, who grumbled

unceasingly at the slowness of the "cabriolet," and kept up a constant war of words with the conducteur. One of the passengers was Monsieur Jérémie Hercule Blanque, a middle-aged clothdealer of Bordeaux, going to Nantes on business; the other was Gaston de Francheville, who, having been visiting a friend at Paimbœuf, was now on his way to his mother's château near Nantes.

"Figure to yourself, Monsieur," Blanque was saying, having ceased for an instant to exchange compliments with the driver, "Figure to yourself the immense advantage of Christianizing China and the Feejee Islands! When they had civilization they would require fashion and dress coats. Figure to yourself the yards and yards of broad-

cloth *ces autres* would consume! Parbleu! c'est magnifique! the progress of civilization. I assure you, Monsieur, that I consider it a blessed privilege to assist our missionaries with my mite."

"You cast bread upon the waters that it may return," Gaston de Francheville began. "Pierre!" he called out to the driver, "Stop! There's somebody lying in the road."

"Ma foi!" responded Pierre's drawing voice, "I see nothing."

"Are you blind? The light from the lantern falls on it—a dark object at the edge of the road."

"You are right, Monsieur le Comte," said Pierre, alighting, lantern in hand. "Ma foi c'est une femme!"

"A woman!" echoed Gaston, jumping to the ground.

"One never knows what may happen," muttered prudent Monsieur Blanque, taking advantage of the absence of his fellow-traveller and Pierre, to transfer his watch and purse from his pocket to the leg of his left boot.

"A woman out on such a night!" And Gaston joined Pierre at the side of the road, where, with the leafless branches of an old thorn tree waving above her like skeleton fingers, a woman lay prone on the rain-soaked ground. She was wrapped in a cloak of the stuff called waterproof, which was anything but proof against the swift-descending torrent of mingled sleet and rain. She was insensible. Between them, Gaston and Pierre carried her to the cabriolet. Her hood fell away from a fair, girlish face, framed by clustering brown hair, that under the gleams of the lantern seemed threaded with gold. Her eyelids, pale and pure as the petals of a camellia, did not tremble in the light, and there was no trace of color in the exquisite lips.

"She is dead!" cried Pierre.

Gaston kept his eyes on the fair

young face, and prayed that it might not be so. They laid her carefully on a seat, obliging the merchant to vacate his place, which he did the more readily as he noticed the sparkle of a diamond on the nerveless hand that had escaped from the wet folds of her mantle. Monsieur Blanque felt much relieved in spite of himself. He had a genuine respect for wealth; he was sure that no woman who wore a diamond ring could have designs on his property.

"What will you do with her?" demanded he.

"Leave her at one of the Nantes hospitals if she does not make her wishes known before we reach the city," answered Pierre, taking out a flask of wine, and forcing a portion of its contents into the girl's mouth.

The cabriolet pursued its slow course. After a while the girl shivered, and moved her head with a faint moan.

Gaston rather clumsily divested her of the wet cloak, and supplied its place with his overcoat.

"Very imprudent, young gentleman, very imprudent," put in the cloth merchant, who, since he had heard Gaston called Monsieur le Comte, looked on him with increased interest. "Though young myself, I would not have done so, but youth, unaccustomed to the cloth business, is ever imprudent. I assure you, Monsieur le Comte, that if your coat has not been sponged the dampness will greatly inj—sacr-r-r-r-re!"

A crash and a sudden shock cut short his speech. The cabriolet with its usual deliberation sunk on one side.

"A wheel off, Messieurs!" Pierre laconically announced.

"Where are we?"

"Four miles from Nantes—a quarter of a mile from the château de Francheville."

"That's fortunate," said Gaston.

"Drive on to the château. They'll give you a bed there, for you'll not be able to find a wheelwright to-night."

Pierre grunted an assent to this proposition, and groped about in the dark to ascertain the extent of the injury.

"I deceived myself, gentlemen," he said, when he had completed the examination. "It is not the wheel. It is a broken axle. You'll have to alight, and walk to the château."

Expostulation was useless. "What would you?" demanded Pierre, calmly eyeing his passengers. "Can one drive on with a broken axle? I ask you that, Messieurs!"

Gaston supplied himself with all the rugs and blankets he could lay hands on for sheltering the lady, and the two passengers got out on the road, while Pierre drove towards the château with his disabled vehicle, leaving them to follow as best they could.

Monsieur Blanque was only upheld from sinking under this misfortune by the consciousness that his valuables were in a comparatively safe place, and that his coat, having been sponged, would not be likely to suffer from the rain. When Gaston tendered him the hospitality of the château, he had grown nervous. "People don't give anything for nothing," reflected this profound student of bourgeois human nature. "One never knows what may happen. The château de Francheville may be a high-sounding name for a den of thieves. What if the Comte and the conducteur are in league to rob the junior member of the firm of Drap et Blanque?"

Disturbed in mind by these frightful conjectures and groaning in spirit, Monsieur Blanque toiled over the yielding soil of the road, feeling like a lamb led to slaughter.

Gaston was compelled to carry his charge. The only sign of con-

sciousness she gave, was a moan uttered at intervals.

Monsieur Blanque, who had fallen in the rear, suddenly uttered a stifled exclamation. Gaston stopped. Monsieur Blanque had stumbled upon one of the softest places in the very soft road. The sticky yielding mud clung to his boots. He stood on his right foot, and pulled up his left; then he stood on his left and pulled up his right, and then *da capo*. Poor Monsieur Blanque!

"Sac-r-r-re! help! dame!" he cried in answer to Gaston's inquiry. His struggles were as vain as they were violent. His boots had been made to accommodate his corns, and when at last he extricated himself, one of his boots remained a prey to the tenacity of the soil. His anguish was excessive when he discovered that this was his left boot—the boot that contained his money and watch.

To plunge in after it would be to renew his troubles. To ask his companion's assistance, incumbered as he was by the unconscious girl, merely to recover a boot, would seem ridiculous, and Monsieur Blanque could not bring himself to confess that the lost boot contained his valuables. In an agony of perplexity, he entered the warm hall of the château.

The appearance of guests rather surprised Madame de Francheville; but she regarded hospitality as a duty to be exercised with discretion and a frugal mind. She welcomed her son and Monsieur Blanque with stately cordiality, while wondering whether the remains of the game *pâtés* left from dinner could be warmed up for these hungry newcomers.

Madame de Francheville's rich pearl-colored silk and delicate point lace thoroughly impressed the cloth merchant with a sense of the perfect respectability of his fellow-traveller.

When Madame de Francheville heard the young girl had been found on the road, she elevated her eyebrows, and dropped the cold hand she had taken, but something in the girl's face seemed to change her scorn to pity, for instead of leaving her in the care of a maid, she went herself to see that a room was made comfortable.

After she had left the room, Monsieur Blanque explained his mishap, and begged that a servant might be permitted to accompany him in his search for the missing boot. Gaston proposed that a servant should go alone. The idea made the cloth dealer tremble. Wearing a pair of Gaston's slippers, he set out, attended by old Berthe, who was "general utility" at the château.

Old Berthe took off his shoes, and wading into the slough, succeeded in finding the boot with its precious contents. Monsieur Blanque was not usually generous, but in his joy, he actually gave Berthe a five-franc piece—it is only fair, however, to state that he first searched in vain for a smaller sum.

While old Berthe was rooting in the mud for the boot, Monsieur Blanque had found something else. This treasure trove was a package wrapped in a handkerchief. With his usual caution, the cloth dealer, unobserved by his attendant, slipped the package under his cloak. The packet had not lain long on the road, he surmised, for the handkerchief was but slightly damp. Perhaps it belonged to Comte de Francheville or the unknown young girl. Monsieur Blanque determined to examine it.

When he and Gaston had partaken of the *petit souper*—served with a display of plate and old china that infinitely increased the guest's respect for the house of Francheville—he asked to be shown to his room. Alone, in the large square chamber, with a canopied

bedstead and a tall wax candle, the flame of which was reflected in the highly polished floor, he took out the packet, noticing that in one corner the handkerchief bore the initials "A. M." The packet itself was covered with thick white paper, on which was inscribed in delicate feminine handwriting:

"In case of accident to me open this, but not until you reach Nantes.

"Your mother,
"Y. M."

Monsieur Blanque did not hesitate to tear this cover. Beneath it he found an envelope addressed to "Madame la Comtesse de Francheville."

The cloth merchant was mean by nature, and therefore unscrupulously curious. He was sure now that the young girl had dropped the packet. It belonged neither to Gaston nor to the driver. What could this unknown girl have to do with the mistress of the château? His curiosity was intensely excited. He held the envelope between his eyes and the candle, vainly endeavoring to get an inkling of its contents. He gave the attempt up, and laying the envelope on the table, tried to compose himself to sleep. Who was this young woman? Madame de Francheville did not seem to know her. Who was the mysterious Y. M.? He puzzled himself with numerous conjectures. He could not sleep. He rose, and again took the envelope in his hand. It bore no seal. Stifling the voice of conscience, he moistened the gummed flap of the envelope, and gradually, carefully opened it. He read the following words, in French:

"LA COMTESSE DE FRANCHEVILLE.

"MADAME: To you, the oldest friend and neighbor of my father, I address myself. A glance at the

signature appended to this letter, will at once remind you of my story, for you know it well. When I became the wife of Bernard Moore, and my father, in consequence, disowned me, we—Bernard and I—sailed for America, the native land of my husband. There we lived for twenty years—years which would have been of unmixed happiness, had my father sent one forgiving word across the sea. I used to think him cruel. I know now that he was just. Four years ago Bernard died, and I was left with one daughter, Adèle. Of four children, she alone lived. The death of my husband reduced us from comparative affluence to poverty. Twice I wrote to my father. No answer came. I should have sunk into despair, Madame, for the consequence of my sin was very bitter, had not the holy consolations of the Church crowned my repentance, and given me resignation.

"In the latter part of last year, I received, through the French Consul at New York, a letter from you. You told me that my father had forgiven me. I blessed you for those words, Madame! But my joy was bitter, *his* cold, dead lips could never speak that forgiveness.

"I answered your letter, and with Adèle, started at once for Europe. The fear that you may not have received my answer causes me to write this.

"My daughter has not been informed of the motive of our voyage. I have been fearful lest there might be some mistake—fearful that my father might have willed his estate to another. The realization of this fear would be terrible to me, and a crushing disappointment, I have no doubt, to Adèle. I am not avaricious, Madame, but poverty has taught me the value of wealth. I have determined that Adèle shall know nothing until it is certain beyond doubt that I am the heiress of the Marquis de Saluces.

"Adèle will come to you with this letter. Read it privately, and if my hope be unfounded, burn this paper. Do not let Adèle know of the disappointment. Judging her nature by mine, I am sure that the knowledge would embitter her life. If it be as I fear, I implore you, by the memory of my father's friendship for you and your late husband, to provide for her in France, or send her back to New York.

"On Adèle's finger you will see the only souvenir of my father's kindness, a ring bearing his crest.

"May Mary, Immaculate Mother of the unprotected, guard her well, and reward you for aught of kindness you may do in her behalf.

"YOLANTHE MOORE,
"née DE SALUCES."

This strange young woman was then the granddaughter of the Marquis de Saluces!

Monsieur Blanque's curiosity was satisfied. How was he to restore the packet to its original appearance? how make the envelope look as if it had never been opened? These *were* questions. A new idea entered his mind. The letter he had just read plainly stated that Adèle Moore was unaware of the object that had brought her mother to France. And without this letter how was Madame de Francheville to know that the heiress of the Marquis de Saluces had arrived at the château?

During the day Monsieur Blanque had been on a collecting tour through the neighboring country, and he had met many garrulous people and asked many questions. He had obtained some scrap of information about every family of note in the vicinity. Among other things, he had learned that the Marquis de Saluces had lately died, bequeathing his entire wealth to a daughter in America, and so Monsieur Blanque knew that Yolanthé Moore's hope was not groundless.

"Madame de Francheville will not be blind to her own interest," Monsieur Blanque reasoned; "if I give her the letter, she will marry the rich Mademoiselle to Monsieur Gaston; and why should I be blind to my own interest? Why should I not gain the prize? I am not old; I am, they tell me, not positively hideous; I am, I flatter myself, of good address."

And Monsieur Blanque tried to imagine the envy of his fellow-bourgeois of Bordeaux, when it should be known that he—Jérémie Hercule Blanque, of the firm of Drap et Blanque—was the husband of the heiress de Saluces. His face flushed at the thought of the brilliant prospect before him. But it paled in an instant, and his cloud castle faded away. The girl's name and the ring! Madame de Francheville would surely recognize them.

In feverish haste he returned to the letter, in search of something to dispel his fear. In the envelope he found a certificate of the marriage of Bernard Moore and Adèle de Saluces. There were several other papers of importance, but nothing that he wanted just now. Again he re-read every word of the letter. He found a postscript crowded on three lines at the end of the last page. He had overlooked it.

"You will deem me over cautious, Madame, when you read that I changed my name while *en route*, for a weak woman has everything to fear when travelling; besides my means were small, and I did not wish it to be known that ladies of our name and condition were reduced to take passage in the steerage. I have assumed the middle name of my husband—Martin—that none might suspect our coming and going."

"Women are fools," remarked Monsieur Blanque, somewhat relieved, "and it is well for men."

The ring would have to take its chance of recognition. Monsieur Blanque climbed into the canopied bed, to dream that under the title of Marquis de Saluces he had been appointed Prime Minister to his Satanic Majesty, and to awake frightened by the thought that even sponging would not secure cloth against fire!

Next morning at breakfast, Monsieur Blanque met Gaston and his mother.

Madame de Francheville was at least sixty years of age, but she seemed ten years younger. Her features were small and regular, her skin pure white and scarcely wrinkled, and the dainty puffs of snowy hair arranged above her forehead added to the beauty of her complexion. She was proud of her pride and her exquisite taste in dress. Of these two qualities, she had sufficient to have stocked all the De Franchevilles since the days of Bertrand du Gueselin. She was a devoted adherent of the fallen empire, and since the Emperor's death, she had never failed on every opportunity to indulge in a little sentimental grief. This morning her *negligé* of white and purple was perfect, and Monsieur Blanque was fascinated by the lace at her throat and wrists. He knew the value of it. After the weather and the state of Madame's health had been disposed of, he asked about the "heroine of last night's adventure," as he phrased it.

"She is not well, poor thing! She has a slight fever, and I have sent for a physician. I hope her malady is not contagious." And Madame shivered.

"Pauvre demoiselle!" said Gaston. "It is strange that she ventured out alone last night. She seemed from her appearance to be a lady. Is it not so, Madame?"

"It is impossible to tell, Gaston. There is no dividing line between the classes under this *vilain gou-*

vernement provisoire, and everybody is a lady. But the poor child has not the air of a common person. It was certainly improper that she should be out last night without an attendant, but then, I have reason to believe she's an American, and one never knows what to expect from *them*—the Americans. Why, when I was in Paris"—

This one visit to Paris was the crown and glory of Madame's life. Having heard every detail of it at least a score of times, Gaston was anxious to avoid the interesting subject; he was also curious about the young girl.

"Why do you think she is an American, Madame?"

"Politeness, Gaston, should teach you never to interrupt a lady," returned Madame, freezingly. "I was about to observe, Monsieur Blanque, that when I was in Paris some years ago, there were at Meurice's two demoiselles Americaines who rode in the Bois every afternoon. Their dress was *outré* in the extreme; their appearance very singular. It was said that their modiste had made a fortune in arranging *bizarre* toilets for them. One day, when the Emperor and Empress were riding in the Bois, one of these demoiselles stopped her horse immediately in front of the imperial carriage. The coachman, of course, reined in his horses, to avoid a collision. The other demoiselle at once rode up to the side of the imperial vehicle, and holding out her hand, said, 'I've made a wager to shake hands with your majesty in the Bois, and I'll do it! Donnez-moi la main, vieux drôle.' What was it, Gaston?" Madame sunk back in her chair, and fanned herself with her handkerchief, as if the audacious words were too much for her.

Gaston knew the anecdote by heart, and he was well prepared to take up the thread.

"Give me your hand, old fellow,

here's my paw!" he laughed, giving the words in English. "And now, Madame, how do you know that our young lady is of the nation of those bold demoiselles?"

"And she actually shook hands with the Emperor—truly, Monsieur Blanque!" pursued Madame, not to be diverted from her story. "The poor Emperor—*requiescat in pace!*" she continued, brushing away an imaginary tear with a handkerchief bordered with imperial violets. Having divided an instant of silence between her grief and the measuring of the exact quantity of cream she could endure in her coffee, Madame at last condescended to answer her son's question. "I discovered some cards in the young woman's pocket-book as I was searching for her address—for one doesn't care to have a sick person on one's hands, you know. On the cards was written, 'Adèle Martin, New York.' I found no address."

Monsieur Blanque silently congratulated himself on the sharpness of his intellect. What should be his next move? He resolved to keep Madame in a good humor at all events. He respectfully expressed ardent admiration for Madame's lace, and offered to procure her some marvellous ochre-tinted Valenciennes at a remarkably low price. He called her "Countess" as often as he could. Madame allowed herself to be pleased, and concluded that the cloth merchant knew his place.

"One forgets time in the society of Madame la Comtesse," said he, rising from the table, "doubtless the cabriolet is waiting."

"The cabriolet started two hours ago," said Gaston. "Pierre's lazy conscience began this morning to reproach him for his delay, and when old Berthe had called you once he started for Nantes."

Monsieur Blanque waxed indignant. "Three thousand devils!—pardon, Madame la Comtesse! 'Tis

an unheard-of thing,—a conveyance to start without its passenger! It's incredible! I will complain to the propriétaire! I will complain to the maire! Parbleu! a thousand devils, Madame—pardons, I would say, Madame la Comtesse! I will—”

“You had better take it quietly,” said Gaston. “Pierre is sole owner of the cabriolet, and if you complain to anybody he will surely manage to put you in the wrong. There is nobody equal to Pierre for making excuses. Besides, he is not bound to wait until his passenger chooses to rise. It is raining now. I will order the carriage if Monsieur is impatient.”

Madame de Francheville entertained no thought of ordering her stately equipage merely for the convenience of a bourgeois.

“Nantes is only four miles away,” she insinuated, “but I am sure Berthe will never allow the horses to be taken out on such a day. Old servants are such tyrants, Monsieur! When the rain ceases the walk from here to Nantes will be quite pleasant. If Monsieur wishes it, however—”

“Oh, no, Madame! By no means! I like to walk. I am a lover of nature and exercise.”

“You delight me, Monsieur; we have kindred tastes.” Gaston had already left the room. Madame rose to follow his example.

“Will Madame la Comtesse favor me with a moment's conversation?”

Monsieur Blanque had decided on his move. Madame, stiffly bending her neck in assent, returned to her seat.

“I am an eccentric man, Madame la Comtesse. I am charitable—too charitable for my own temporal good, for this world has many bad hearts. I am also impulsive, Madame, foolishly impulsive.”

Madame smiled sweetly, and looked at her watch.

“When I saw that poor young

girl in the rain last night, I said to myself, ‘Perhaps she has no home—no friends.’ I gazed into her innocent face, and my heart added, ‘She has need of a protector,’ and I said, ‘I, Jérémie Hercule Blanque, will be that protector!’”

Monsieur Blanque placed one hand on his heart, and assumed an attitude. For the moment he really believed that he was doing something very generous and heroic.

“Eh bien!” said Madame, placidly taking out her gold and ivory *bonbonnière*. “But suppose the girl requires no protector.”

“In that case, Madame la Comtesse, my good intention will be its own reward. I am unmarried. I desire a wife. My soul is an abyss of pity for this young girl. If you find that she is friendless, inform me. I will leave my address. During the two coming months I will remain at the inn of the Golden Horse, Nantes. If this girl is penniless, if she is wholly without *dot*, I care not. My fortune is sufficient for both.”

Overcome by the thought of his own disinterestedness he actually wept. Madame thought it only proper to draw out her own violet-embroidered handkerchief and apply it to her eyeglass. Although the man was a bourgeois and a fool, one must be polite, you comprehend?

“I will think of your proposition, Monsieur. It is a decided novelty to have an utter stranger thrown on one's hands, and to receive an offer of marriage for her from another stranger.”

“You will do a good action by mentioning my offer to her, and if she is homeless—”

“She will, if she is prudent, accept it.”

“It is customary to present a slight gift to the promoter of the marriage, and if the Valenciennes of which—”

“Very well, Monsieur,” said

Madame haughtily. "If I have anything further to say, I will address you at the Golden Horse."

"What fools women are!" thought Monsieur, as he held the door open for Madame.

"Truly vulgar stupidity!" mentally commented Madame, as she went to receive the physician, whose gruff voice was heard in the hall. The doctor was a short, bustling man, attired in a suit of black and white plaid, which gave him the appearance of an animated checker-board. He refused all offers of refreshment; he was in a hurry, and he knew Madame's *vin ordinaire* of old. He demanded to see his patient at once.

This patient was a tall, slight girl, apparently about nineteen, with soft, dark-blue eyes, which, from the pallor of her forehead and temples, seemed unnaturally large. A faint blush-rose tint shone in her cheeks, a thick mass of smooth, golden-brown hair was loosely drawn back from her broad, low brow, and knotted at the back of her head. She wore a plain dark dress lent to her by Madame's maid.

She rose from her seat at the window and made a step forward as Madame and the doctor entered. Even in that slight movement there was a nameless grace that bespeaks the gentlewoman.

"I am much better," she said, in a clear, low voice, answering the query of her hostess, "indeed quite well. The *tisane* which you so kindly sent has completely restored me. With your permission, Madame, I will at once start for Nantes."

"But the cabriolet—"

The flush in the girl's cheeks deepened.

"I will walk."

"No, Ma'amselle, you will not!" thundered the doctor, who had taken possession of her slender wrist. "You'll not leave this room for two days! Do you hear? You want rest and quiet. You've been

exciting yourself—you've been out in all sorts of weather. If you want to kill yourself, take poison; it's a quicker way than walking in the rain, but no surer."

"You speak truth, doctor," said Madame, "my grandfather walked out, rain or shine, for seventy years, and then died, but if he had taken poison—"

"Your grandfather was—a gentleman," said the irritated doctor. "I say that Ma'amselle *must* have rest and quiet. That's all! I'm off?"

The doctor wrote a prescription and made his exit.

"You must remain here, Made-moiselle Martin. I will not allow you to go," said Madame, moved in spite of herself by the fragile beauty of the girl. "And now tell me how you came to be out last night. Speak freely. Regard me as your own mother."

After a slight hesitation, Adèle complied.

"The story is short, Madame, but very sad. My mother and I started from New York on our way to Brittany. The voyage was pleasant. When we reached L'Orient, my mother caught a fever, and in a week's time died. She was buried four days ago." The girl's voice broke, but she bravely strove to speak. "She instructed me to continue on the road to Nantes. She gave me a packet, telling me not to open it until I should reach that city. I had but little money, Madame, and I walked whenever I could. A market-woman gave me a seat in her cart part of the way, but by mistake I reached Paimbœuf instead of Nantes. I was retracing my steps last night. I had been walking all day, and I was weak. I fainted, I suppose."

"That was sad. You speak French well."

"My mother was born in France."

"And her name?"

"I do not know. She never

spoke of her family. She had some great object in view when she came hither, but I cannot even guess what it was. She was an invalid—very nervous and reserved, but oh! the best—the kindest—” Tears drowned the words.

“Exceedingly mysterious,” commented Madame to herself. “But you alluded to a packet?”

“Have you seen it, Madame?” asked Adèle, eagerly. “It was wrapped in a white handkerchief. I cannot find it. It must have fallen on the road, or in the cabriolet last night.”

“I will send a servant to search for it.”

Having recommended her guest to rest tranquil, Madame left her.

Madame de Francheville did not doubt the truth of Adèle’s story. A girl with such a face as hers could not tell a lie without betraying it, Madame thought, as she constructed a little plan. This Mademoiselle Martin was apparently well educated and refined. Now, Madame had been for some time on the look out for a companion who could play, sing, and read to her. If Mademoiselle Martin could do all three, she could also teach English, and Madame, old as she was, had a mania for languages. Having no alternative, Mademoiselle Martin would doubtless be glad to accept the position at a very low salary. This was, in Madame’s eyes, the crowning recommendation. She was well satisfied with her little plan.

She sent her servants in various directions to search for the missing packet. Monsieur Blanque was standing on the covered terrace waiting for the rain to abate. He chuckled as he saw the servants turning up the mud in the road. He was complacently reflecting on his own astuteness, when he felt a light touch on his shoulder. He turned round and saw Adele—*“belle comme un ange”*—he thought.

“The *femme de chambre* has

told me that you are a merchant, Monsieur,” she said, standing just within the long window of the salon.

“Of the firm of Drap et Blanque, Bordeaux, at your service.” He bowed profoundly.

With a quick motion she drew the one ring from her finger. “I thought that you might perhaps dispose of this for me.”

For an instant Monsieur Blanque’s small black eyes rivalled in brightness the brilliant diamond that bore the faintly traced crest of the de Saluces. Then, with affected indifference, he said:

“Is it valuable?”

“Oh, yes, very valuable. My mother, who gave it to me, said it was worth five thousand dollars.”

“Dollars?”

“Or, in French currency, about twenty-five thousand francs. Am I not right?”

Monsieur Blanque raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders.

“I’ll give you a thousand francs for it.”

There’s no harm in that, argued Monsieur Blanque. Will not my property soon be hers and hers mine, that is, if Madame de Francheville does not play me false?

“I will pledge it to you for that sum—”

“I am not attaché of the Mont de Piété,” he interrupted blandly.

Adèle hesitated. She was penniless in a strange land. It was hard to sacrifice the ring, but it would be still harder to be utterly dependent on the charity of strangers.

“Take it,” she said, averting her face as she gave him the ring.

He drew his purse from some hidden portion of his attire, and counted the thousand francs. She followed him into the empty salon at his request. He found pen and paper, and she signed a receipt.

He chuckled jubilantly. Assuredly success seemed all on his side.

The packet first, and now the ring had fallen in his way without any effort of his own. With the ring in his pocket, he started for Nantes in high good humor.

The future seemed very dark to Adèle. She trembled at the thought of the journey homewards. She imagined herself landing alone at New York. There she had neither relatives nor friends, for her mother had kept her rigidly secluded from the world around her. Inexperienced and unskilled as she was, how could she earn a living?

When Madame discovered that Adèle could play and sing, she made her proposal, which was gratefully accepted by the girl. There was one concession that Madame required which gave her great pain. She was not allowed to wear black in her bereavement, for Madame detested black. It reminded her of death, and Madame did not like to be reminded of death. She did not object to a little pleasing sadness now and then—a tear over the departed—a wreath of immortelles; but she had a horror of deep grief and deep mourning. When Adèle's trunk came from L'Orient, she endeavored to improvise toilets of white and purple from her slender stock of wearing apparel.

Often in the early morning, when the dim landscape lay in the uncertain but glowing light of dawn, Adèle stole softly down to the village church to pray for her mother's soul.

"That is better than wearing black, my child," the old curé, to whom she had told her trouble, would say, when they met at the church door after mass.

Adèle's days passed pleasantly. While Madame sewed or embroidered in the latter part of the morning, Adèle played lively galops or stirring marches. In the afternoon she read to Madame in French and gave her lessons in English. In

the long, quiet evenings, she sang opera airs or played Beethoven and Mozart, while Gaston, the doctor, his wife, or perhaps the curé, indulged in a game of chess with Madame.

There was one subject on which Madame was never weary of expatiating, and of which Adèle was heartily tired of hearing. This was the value of the adjoining estate that had belonged to the late Marquis de Saluces.

The heiress to this great estate was in America. Madame, however, daily expected her to arrive with her daughter. This heiress had secretly married a strolling geologist—that might not be the right term, Madame said—however, he was a Bohemian of some kind. This tourist having broken his leg—it served him right!—in trying to climb a rock, in search of worthless pieces of stone, had been taken to the château of the Marquis and thus became acquainted with Mademoiselle de Saluces. On discovering the marriage, the Marquis had disinherited his daughter. But when he came to die, he had forgiven her, and bequeathed all he possessed to her, by way of reparation for his long years of displeasure.

It never occurred to Madame to mention the name of the "foreign adventurer," or Adèle would have discovered that he was her father. The name "Yolanthe" might have given her a clue, but Madame always spoke of the heiress as Mademoiselle de Saluces.

Although Yolanthe Moore had never been wholly free from sickness, she had none the less exacted unquestioning obedience of her gentle daughter. Adèle knew that the name of Martin belonged to her father, and when her mother had desired her to assume it, she had complied, showing some surprise but asking no questions, for experience had taught her that they

would be unanswered. And now that the people at the château had got into the way of calling her Mademoiselle Martin, she did not think it necessary to tell her real name.

Madame de Francheville looked forward to Gaston's marriage with the granddaughter of the Marquis as a certain thing. She had hinted at such a consummation in her letter to Yolante Moore, and she

awaited only the arrival of that lady in France, to plunge at once into preliminaries.

"And the name of Gaston's wife will be Adèle, the same as yours, my child," Madame had said.

Adèle caught herself wondering whether this young countrywoman of hers were pretty or not, and whether Gaston liked the name "Adèle."

(To be concluded in our next.)

CATHOLICITY CHARACTERISTIC OF THE DIVINE INSTITUTION OF THE CHURCH.

WE believe Catholicity to be a distinctive mark of the Church of Christ. It is universal as to time, beginning with its founder and enduring till the dissolution of the world; universal as to space, carrying the light of gospel tidings to every nation; universal as to doctrine, teaching all things which heaven has revealed for the instruction of man. It was thus the Church appeared to the vision of Isaias, 60th chapter, when he exclaimed, "*The gentiles shall walk in thy light, and kings in the brightness of thy rising. Thy gates shall be continually open, they shall not be shut day or night, that the strength of the gentiles may be brought to thee and their kings may be brought. For the nation and the kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish; and the gentiles shall be wasted with desolation.*"

The Saviour predicted this universality when he said (Mark 24): "*This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached to the whole world, for a testimony to all nations.*" A three-fold universality was stamped upon the Church in the commission given to her ministry—the Apostles being ordered to teach *all nations*,

to observe *all things*, during *all days*.

The mark of Catholicity is so evidently the peculiar and exclusive property of the Church, bearing the name Catholic in every age and nation, that no other society can reasonably pretend to dispute with her that divine and triumphant title. She holds it by a possession of 1874 years, during which space of time it has been recognized by the voice of every friend and foe. If ever we had one occasion more eligible than another to exult in the honor and security of our Church it is when we call her and her alone Catholic, and find her so as to time and place. You see all other denominations confined to the limits of a kingdom, a province, or a village, and gradually sinking from your sight, until you perceive but one pure family saved from the flood of the world's changeableness, preserved in the ark of the Church, and floating triumphantly on the waves of time which cast the death of oblivion over millions. The Church holding communion with Rome as its centre, and taking the poles and ecliptic circle as the measurement of its extent, has reg-

istered its title Catholic in every clime and language of the earth, and has verified the predictions of the Old Testament by thus stretching her wide and ample dominion throughout every land. Animated by the spirit of holy enterprise, she is still engaged in enlarging her spiritual conquests; and to admit those who are pouring into her bosom, "*she is enlarging the place of her tent, lengthening the cords and strengthening the stakes of her tabernacle.*" If she has to deplore the loss of nations which were among the earliest of her progeny, she rejoices in the attachment of others whom she clasps in her embrace. If in punishment of their perfidy the kingdom of God has been taken from some people, the prediction of the Redeemer has been fulfilled by its extension to others. "*I say to you that the kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and shall be given to a nation yielding the fruits thereof.*" (Matt. 21.) While the sun of Catholicity was setting upon the vices of the degenerate kingdoms on whom its light first rose, it appeared amongst the young nations of the west, diffusing joy as it ascended in its career, dispelling the ignorance in which they were involved, and giving to their virtues vigor and animation. And as her altars rise and her incense smokes in the distant forests, or wreathes with holy fragrance the summit of the Alps and Andes, she hears an intimation of enduring success from the Psalmist declaring the will of God: "I will give the nations for thy inheritance."

There cannot be a danger of this appearing as a mere effort of declamation, or the presumption of overweening confidence, if we contemplate the great scenery of the Christian world. Unroll the historic page, read the names of nations, trace the occurrences of each revolving century—glance at the

throne, or stoop to the grave of every empire:—stand amid the ashes of Pagan oracles or follow the brilliant illumination of the cross, and then we may discover that there is not one circumstance of time or spot of earth without a striking testimony in favor of the Catholic Church. Let us ascend to heaven, and as St. Augustine expresses it, "Let us contemplate in that delightful garden its roses and its lilies, that is, its martyrs purpled with the blood of persecution, and its hosts of other saints who are clothed with the robes of innocence and purity." We see in one single band thirty-three Roman pontiffs successively put to death for their faith; an immense multitude of priests and prelates, who, in every nation of the universe, have shed their blood for the name of Christ; countless legions of the faithful of every age and sex and state of life, who proclaimed the virtues and followed the examples of the purest patterns. All these, it will be found, had the happiness to live and the consolation to die in the communion of the Church which has always been Catholic. Yes, ours was the glorious martyr Ignatius, the earliest amongst the martyrs of the Coliseum, who has carefully handed down a variety of apostolical traditions. Ours the holy Bishop Irenæus, who, even in his time, established the divine institution of the Catholic Church from the circumstance of the succession of pontiffs in the chair of Peter. Ours, the holy martyrs Cornelius and Cyprian, distinguished for their virtues and their learning. Ours an Augustine, Ambrose, Jerome, and Gregory, who stand above the horizon of ages pillars of light to support the chair of Peter. But Catholicity is clear enough, from the fact that I must cease from even glancing over those saintly annals; for the track of universality would

lead me far beyond any limits now at my service. It is well known, that for three hundred years Pagan persecution, especially under the Roman emperors, raged against all that was Christian. And, let me ask, upon whom did this vengeance fall? They were the ancestors of our faith, men who adored the same mysteries and observed the same practices which Catholics now revere. When Constantine gave peace to the Church, upon what body of men was that benefit conferred? Undoubtedly on that which was governed by St. Sylvester, from whom the first Christian emperor received baptism, and who is one of the two hundred and sixty-five links in the chain of apostolical succession which we trace up to St. Peter. Under what auspices did Constantine prevail on the field of battle? The holy emblem of the cross, which we, and we alone, have borne aloft in every age and nation? To whom did he apply for a decision in the Arian controversy? To the Fathers of the Nicene Council, whom we alone can number in our household, as the evidences of the value of tradition and the authority of the Church. How were the remains of Constantine interred? According to his own desire they were deposited in the Church of the Apostles, which he had erected at Constantinople, *"in the hope of participating in the prayers which were there offered, and sharing in the fruits of the mystic sacrifice after death."* Thus, a glance at any period or any event of time, blends past ages with the present hour, owing to the universal character of the Church. In her bosom alone are to be found those princes and monarchs whose spirit of piety, conspicuous amidst the storms of war and the calm of peace, was founded solely on the doctrines and principles of the everlasting Church. Her faith holds associ-

ation with all the illustrious characters, who, by the splendor of their virtues, the heroism of their courage, the equity of their laws, and the magnificence of their liberalities, were the protectors and ornaments of religion and society. It was the missionary of the Church that abolished every where the false worship of Paganism, and established in its room the pure faith of Christ. It is true, that many outside cry, *"We also preach Christ."* Is Christ divided? Certainly not. How are we then to distinguish? Who are the rightful preachers? They alone whom the divine wisdom employed in a Catholic ministry from the beginning, to destroy the absurdities of Paganism. Here shines forth the glorious mark of Catholicity; for, by no other means than the ministry of the Church did it please God to destroy the altars of Jupiter and the oracles of Delphos, and to shed the irradiation of the "Orient from on high" over a benighted world. Without going far for proofs, we have evidence of the fact here before us in the recollection of our ancestry. A Patrick converted Ireland; Palladius carried the faith to Scotland; and Austin brought it to England: they were all missionaries from Rome. Yes, from the moment the fire of apostolic zeal came from heaven on the day of Pentecost, the Church has been the sole instrument to convey the Gospel to the fairest, the most civilized nations, as well as to people the most barbarous and unpolished. The impression of her genius and the imperishable monuments of her faith are found in the deserts of the East, and on the wildest Alpine rock—amidst the lions and burning sands of the tropics, as well as amidst the bears and icebergs of the poles. Every monument of learning and all the vestiges of antiquity serve to point out this Catholicity of time and

place. We trace it in the foundation of every eminent university and school, in the character of every fundamental law, in the gifts of every liberty. Also in the customs and peculiar practices of nations; in the election and inauguration of emperors; in the coronation and anointing of kings. We trace it on the portals and windows of every ancient church and ivymantled castle, on the figures and inscriptions of coins, on the gates of cities, in the immemorial practices of our ancestors. In short, there is nothing connected with the history of mankind, which has not a record of Catholicity, thereby showing the extension of our faith to all times and places throughout 1874 years.

And now after all the persecutions, after all the efforts of enmity, this Catholicity is unimpaired. In Europe, whilst the Church extends through a majority of kingdoms and people, it shows its capacity for every exigency and contingency that may befall religion; accordingly, whilst her martyrs are pouring out their blood in China, Russia, &c., her bosom is receiving the returning converted wanderers in England and Germany, and as she stood by to erect the cross upon the ruins of Paganism, she still awaits in England, Holland, Prussia, Sweden, and Denmark, where her faith burns distinct and clear, to illumine the human mind emerging from the grave and darkness of Protestantism. In Asia she is still the fold receiving such as the Lord is pleased "to add to the number that will be saved." In Japan, in Syria, Persia, from the banks of the Indus to the borders of the Euphrates, from the frozen gulfs of Siberia to the sultry extremity of Cape Comorin, her gentle voice is heard, her temples rise, and her lessons of piety are respected. In Africa she remains with all that has been left of learning and civilization, and her Mass

is being sung again on the heights of Hippo near the tomb of the great Augustine. In America, from the snow-clad hills of Canada through the warm regions of Mexico, Peru, and Brazil, to the extremity of Chili, few there are but Catholics. In the United States, there is alarm enough to inform us not only of the existence of the Church, but of its progress, and we may rejoice, for she is destined to be here the sole guardian of the name of Christ. May we live long to enjoy the fact now daily evinced, that, whilst apostates "are shaking off sound doctrine, and heaping to themselves masters of itching ears," Catholicity attends the inquiring spirit of Americans, and according as they become more enlightened in religious matters, and disgusted with the so-called "Reformation," they will gladly turn to the path of their fathers, the holy Catholic Church.

It is thus the mark of Catholicity, affixed by the hand of God to the eternal Church, is elevated like some orb of heaven pouring its flood of light on every epoch and gilding with its ray every extremity of earth. She stands thus a solitary exception to the waste and novelty belonging to what are facetiously called "*different denominations*," which bear upon their front every mark of violent evulsion from the parent stock. A few centuries ago their existence was unknown, and in the fantastic combinations of their names you discover their recent and humiliating origin. The denominations of Hussites, Lutherans, Calvinists, Socinians, Wesleyans, Mormons, High Church Episcopalians, Low Church Episcopalians, Ritualistic Episcopalians, Cumminite Reformed Episcopalians, Jumpers, Seekers, Holy Rollers, &c., prove their coveted privilege of universal discord, and render more notable the Catholicity of the ONE HOLY CHURCH, the pillar and ground of truth.

A CHURCH OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: THE TALE OF A TORN PRAYER-BOOK.

WHEN we detailed for our readers, in the January number of the RECORD, the history of the birth and early years of Bishop Cummins's baby, "a church of the period," we seriously thought we were done entirely with the *enfant terrible*, but alas for the shortsightedness of human prognostications, for hopes of earthly peace and unalloyed tranquillity, this first-born darling of Cummins's house and heart seems doomed to rival the famous offspring of the famous Ginx, by being determined to do some damage to somebody, for it is beginning to create such a turmoil, in fact is giving evidence of being such a precocious child, that no girl or boy of the period can at all be compared with it.

It was made for the "cummin" century, and about the year 1900 it may be expected to be in its prime. In the first place the early education of the child has been all wrong. It has been reared in a dangerous atmosphere, that of New York, the wickedest of towns, and fed on pap from the questionable milk dairies of Chicago, a city whose cows are noted for their wicked and *fiery* proclivities, if we may take the celebrated heifer of Mrs. O'Rielly of Dekoven Street as a specimen. The connection between bad theology and dangerous cattle has always been very marked. We need only refer in the Old Testament to the story of "the golden calf," while we know that under the new dispensation "the Pope's Bulls" have curdled all the milk in many a heretic's blood, and we are very fearful that the historian of "the house that Jack built" had Bishop Cummins in prophetic vision, when he wrote of

"The priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the maiden all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with the crumpled horn,"

for a sleeker specimen of shaven and shorn divinity than the late pontifex of Kentucky, or a more forlorn old body than Mother Cheney, deserted by all her theological kith and kin, when she joyfully accepted the Right Rev. George David's invitation to act as nursing mother to his newborn and motherless infant, begotten from the defunct Evangelical Alliance, and permit it to be saturated from the breasts of that Chicago which is commonly supposed to flow with milk and honey, can scarcely be imagined. But to return to the child. In the first place, as we have just insinuated, it has not been fed on the *lac rationabile*, or milk without guile, which St. Peter deemed so desirable a condiment for newborn infants, and now "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" isn't worth a picayune as an antidote to the teething performance under the reign of the ascending dog-star. How our minds are tortured with mental visions of papa Cummins and stepmamma Cheney, clad in the cast-off surplices and berrettas of the Anglican establishment, serving them as nocturnal raiment, walking up and down the room at the solemn hour of their theological midnight, its argumentative thermometer at 90°, "singing hush a bye baby," to the tune of the sixty-third psalm, Protestant version, and all in vain, for the child continues as vigorous and squally as a young Hercules.

Then in the second place it seems to give indications of mischievous literary propensities, and has laid violent hands on the family prayer-book, having torn it to pieces at a terrible rate, while the silly, doating parents, instead of putting a stop to the proceedings, look on and exclaim, "That's right, darling," and

then turn with a significant wink to their friends, and exclaim, "Did you ever see such a bright baby?" All the more shame for them, for this prayer-book was a valuable heirloom, embalmed with the memories and venerable with the dust of centuries. But they do not stop with a mere tacit approval of their offspring's irreverent conduct, but have actually called a convention of their friends to witness the performance. What will be the future of a child brought up under such circumstances, heaven only knows; a child whose first act in life was the nearly if not quite successful attempt to choke its own grandmother, the Protestant Episcopal Church, and whose unrestrained career is sufficiently indicated by the fact that wherever it comes across the word "*shall*" in that prayer-book, it is allowed to run its finger through the spot, and then paste it over with the word "*may*." Anything for a change seems to be its predominant passion, for the book has now been literally torn to pieces, not because sweeping changes were necessary, but because baby willed them, and the whole proceeding has been conducted on the same childlike style with which most children are permitted to slap at certain characters in picture-books which do not happen to strike their fancy. We remember very distinctly having in our infantile zeal administered castigations of this kind sufficiently numerous and vehement against the figures of the Jews who were torturing our Saviour, in the woodcuts illustrative of the mass prayers of juvenile devotional works, to wipe out of existence all the descendants of Israel, if they had not possessed as mournfully charmed a tenure of life as the fabled race of pussy-cats.

Well, the too indulgent friends of the new REFORMED PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH of America

have actually, as we intimated, met together in solemn convocation, not only to watch their darling's antics, but to seriously discuss not where the entertainment should stop, but rather whether any limits whatever should be placed upon the child's reforming instincts.

Prince Florestan, deposed lord of Monaco, enumerating in his quaint biography the many curious things which he had witnessed in his short lifetime, mentions before all else that he had seen an Anglican clergyman dance the *can-can*. Perhaps he used the name of the (in)famous dance as a sarcastic term for the theological "Jim Crowism" of the worthy fathers of the "Anglican Church," but even if he was serious, he certainly never viewed a sight more vulgarly silly or grotesquely funny than the exhibition of the reverend divines of the Cummins church, as they picked up the shreds of leaves torn from that prayer-book, and rolled them up into little doctrinal pillules to fire at each other, while the baby crowed with delight at their efforts to please him.

Perhaps we can best exemplify the statement by a few brief extracts from the reports of the proceedings.

In the first place Bishop Cheney delivered a sermon, in which he drew a very striking and truthful picture of the harmony which existed in the early church in comparison with the disorder which prevails among the various "branches" of the modern tree spiritual of Protestantism. Failing, however, to draw any moral from this fact, for the cure of the maladies of his own establishment, and totally ignoring the good old maxim, "Physician, heal thyself," he rather sought to excuse from traditional authority these disorders, and by a curious expression of contradictory statements, to argue from the historical fact of the existence of heresies,

even among the first Christians, that they were no better off in this respect than their Protestant descendants. Then jumping over to the old and much-mooted question of the important position which the Bible held in the Protestant estimation, and of the great faith which all anti-Catholic congregations placed in their preachers, he gave as a rather singular proof of the latter statement, the story that when George Whitfield first came to preach in Edinburgh, he was astonished, on mounting the pulpit and giving out the text, chapter, and verse, to hear in response a sound like the whistling of leaves among the trees. It was the rustling of the pages of two thousand Bibles by his hearers, who were anxious to see if the text had been properly paged, numbered, and correctly quoted. Whitfield was astonished at *their zeal*, at least so says Bishop Cheney. Did it never enter his head that perhaps the Scottish preacher's astonishment arose from the fact that his auditors "didn't take his word for it."

There were of course the usual number of "prayers" and addresses, and struggles for place, among the candidates for church officers, which latter proceeding had the sanction of apostolic authority, as we know from that Scripture which sayeth, "Then there arose a contest among them which should be the greater in the kingdom of heaven." The merits and demerits of the various aspirants were, however, discussed in a novel manner.

"Rev. Mr. McGuire opposed the choosing of officers in the Church from among those without the pale of the Church. He instanced cases in the English Church where the most notorious reprobates were thus enabled to hold forth as shining lights of the flocks, drunken, swearing gentry swaggered about the holy sanctuary and lorded it over the clergy.

"In the Episcopal Church here the same thing, to a less degree, held true,

and he hoped that now, on the threshold of a new body of Christ's children, a new stand might be taken. Rev. Mr. B. Smith thought that there were as good men outside as within the Church. The office of vestryman was a mere temporal one, and related solely to the business matters of the Church. It was common in other denominations to thus select officers without the pale of the Church proper. Mr. Turner, the secretary, thought the financial aspect of the Church would be very materially affected by this motion, as many of the most wealthy supporters of the Church were not communicants, either through conscientious or other reasons. In the midst of the discussion a motion to adjourn was made and carried."

From all of which we may infer that our Saviour's remarks to the contentious apostles mentioned above, will still hold good to their self-dubbed successors of the Reformed Episcopal Church: "The prince of this world lordeth it over them."

We think, moreover, that the convention should have employed a good rhetorician to explain what the reverend party by the name of Smith meant when he used the metaphor "the threshold of a new body of Christ's children."

Next in order was a spirited debate as to whether "bishops" should lay on hands in the "consecration" services, in the course of which some very heavy hands were laid on the traditional rubrics; but then, as Bishop Cheney stated in his opening sermon, that tradition was of no account whatever, and that "Saint John's Evangel" had been written expressly to confute the heresies to which the unwritten word had given rise as early as his day, we can hardly blame this peremptory arresting of dangerous popish practices. The knottiest question with regard to the bishops, after the usual gerrymandering with the question of the apostolical succession and the status of the episcopacy, was whether they should be saluted as "Right reverend father in God," or as "Dearly

beloved brother in Christ." The reverend delegates seemed completely to ignore the fact that things were in a bad state, socially and spiritually, when one man doesn't know whether another man is his father or his brother. The two solitary lights of the Reformed Episcopacy, Cummins and Cheney, acted with that suavity of non-committalism concerning their titles which seemed clearly to say, "How happy could we be with either!" After a long discussion the matter was solved for a time in the usual easy-going style, so appropriate to a "free" church, viz., a "laying on" the table during the vote, upon which motion a contented delegate of Shaksperian tastes was heard to exclaim, *solto voce*, "Lay on, Macduff!" *et sequitur*.

"Article 9 was the occasion of a grand fight, and the text upon which most, if not all, of the delegates proceeded to explain the reasons which induced them to sever connection with the mother church. The original article read:

"'No church decorations, ornaments, vestments, postures, or ceremonies calculated to teach, either directly or symbolically, that the Christian ministry possesses a sacerdotal character, or that the Lord's Supper is a sacrifice, shall ever be allowed in the worship of this Church, nor shall any communion table be constructed in the form of an altar.'

"The enumeration of all the particulars of what seemed abominations in the church services was first objected to, and a general negation moved in substitution. Bishop Cummins said:

"'It is this very altar which has been a principal, if not the main cause, of driving me out of the Church, and it is ruining thousands and leading them to idolatry, the teachings thereof being a most fruitful source of error. Bishop McIlvaine never would consecrate a church in which the altar graced or disgraced the chancel, and yet now, immediately on his death, the very churches in which he worked have adopted the altar; I would rather be right on that point than on any other.'

"Bishop Cheney contributed much to the merriment, by stating that Christ Church in Chicago, over which he presided, had always had an altar, though

he never knew it was given to sacerdotal practices.

"Rev. Mr. E. D. Neil said he had never worn a gown until one had been offered to him by Bishop Cummins that morning, and yet he did not know that he was encouraging idolatry. He desired a plain table, supported on an open framework.

"Bishop Cummins said that the architect had done as much as anybody to corrupt the church of God, innocently perhaps, but none the less effectively.

"The article, after an hour's discussion, was finally adopted to read as follows:

"'Nothing calculated to teach, either directly or symbolically, that the Christian ministry possesses a sacerdotal character, or that the Lord's Supper is a sacrifice, shall ever be allowed in this Church. Nor shall any communion table be constructed in the form of an altar, but shall be plain, and supported on an open framework.'

We seriously think that in view of the great pressure of time and business which Bishop Cummins stated was afflicting the council, that the "Fathers" thereof might have saved themselves a great deal of time and thought in drawing up and discussing this last article. Not even "a plain table, supported on an open framework," would ever convey to any right-witted person the most delicate suspicion of their sacerdotalism, or of the presence of any altar of sacrifice, except that of good sense and honest doctrine in the "worship" of their church.

It must be clearly understood that all this discussion on the canons was but preliminary to the real business of the convention,—the revision of the prayer-book. Upon the basis of that prayer-book had Dr. Cummins repeatedly declared was the spiritual edifice of his church established. Its corner-stone was neither Jesus Christ nor the Bible, the whole Bible and nothing but the Bible, as is the most general pretence of the other Protestant churches, but the prayer-book of 1789, a very uncertain basis we think it may prove. No wonder

then that all other subjects were hurried over as of minor consideration to the revision of the prayer-book.

Before, however, proceeding to this great work, a reverend delegate rose to narrate what liberties the paternal ancestry of Cummins's child had taken in the same direction, among which he announced the gratifying fact that Queen Elizabeth, of virginal memory, had permitted the Anglican Church, the original founder of the family line, to strike out from the litany the petition, "From the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome and his detestable enormities, good Lord deliver us!" which to say the least was charitable.

"The proposed new prayer-book was distributed in revise proof-slips, and discussed *seriatim*. The discussion was very animated.

"Colonel Ayerigg, as a layman, said time should not be wasted. He was opposed to unnecessary change. Doctrinal wrong and ritualism alone should be their targets.

"Rev. Mr. Wilson made a motion—which, after a brisk debate, he withdrew—to adopt special services for special days. As on the day before, he took a very prominent part in the proceedings, and might, in parliamentary phrase, be styled the leader of the opposition; while Rev. Marshall B. Smith was leader on the government benches. The one fought, tooth and nail, for the work as he had left it; the other discovered each joint in the armor, and launched the insinuating shaft in the crevices.

"There was a fight over substituting the word 'may' for 'shall' in the rubrics, and Rev. Mr. McCormick said 'let,' as in 'Let there be light,' was mandatory.

"Mr. Wilson moved the adoption of the Latimer service for holidays, to enrich the service.

"Bishop Cheney warmly supported this; and, speaking of a meeting at Chicago just before he left, said the feeling then was that the Sunday services should be similar to those of their old church—that the occasional services for special days might be revised. They wished to extract no root of bitterness, not to estrange the brethren of old days by a ritual wholly foreign to them and them-

selves; but there was no objection to adding to their heritage these beautiful sentences on essential holidays. They did not want to spoil the old book, so that no Episcopalian could feel at home in their Church.

"The theological tinkering, however, proceeded vehemently.

"The Secretary, Herbert B. Turner, made a brief but powerful speech, opposing the mere handful present going in with paste and scissors to patch up a new and nondescript liturgy.

MEN ARE PRAYING FOR THIS MISTAKE.

"The danger imminent now is of repelling friends, giving aid and comfort to enemies, and rejecting recruits. Where no change is necessary, let none be made. Stumbling-blocks should not be placed by them. *Festina lente* should be their motto.

"Mr. Leacock was for radical changes, and declaration of liberty, which they could not get in the Protestant Episcopal Church. He wanted a new service, so beautiful as to attract people from all other churches. He would rather have a heart service with one hundred in communion, than a bald compromise to suit millions.

"The Latimer sentences were read for Advent, Christmas, Epiphany, Good Friday, Easter, Ascension, Whitsunday, and Innocents' Day, and passed.

"A fight on 'the absolution' followed; another on the word 'amen,' and whether it should be *roman* or *italic*.

"The council adjourned after prayer."

In view of the great horror of ritualism which pervaded the council, it seems to us that the delegates were rather blind not to see that they were jumping "out of the frying-pan into the fire," since, by their intense desire to eliminate any doctrines or phrases which smacked of high churchism, they were paying more attention to the *formal* than the spiritual simplicity of their prayers, and the discordant struggle over the "amen" strongly impresses us with the idea that the delegates had been listening to some "Romish" masses by the old musical composers.

And now comes, next in order, an evening session of the council, remarkable not so much for the extreme "nasty niceness" of the

elegant divines, as the almost blasphemous extremes to which their assumed fastidiousness—which was but a cover for their impudence—was permitted to run; for, not content with the wholesale transformation of the ordinary pages of their prayer-book—written by men of their own kind—they discovered that the Apostles, who were nothing but rude fishermen, unaccustomed to the refinements of elegant society, had, in compiling the creed, made use of a word most insufferable to ears polite, and to minds too elevated to ever lend credit of so shocking a doctrine as that of future punishment. So the passage containing the words, “He descended into hell,” was recommended as fitly to be changed into “He descended into *the place of departed spirits*,” but, terrible to relate, while the wordy battle of expediency was waging hottest, a new alarm was sounded from an unforeseen quarter,—a lynx-eyed delegate having discovered that the innovation contained a latent leaven of popery. Might not that *region of departed spirits* be construed to mean PURGATORY? Perish the thought! A compromise was, we learn from the minutes, at length effected, though as to how that compromise affected the venerable creed of the Apostles we must plead *nul tiel record*; but query: if any change was adopted, was the altered prayer any longer the Apostles’ Creed?

The historian of the convention gives us, at this stage of the proceedings, a little respite, much needed, indeed, after the desperate work of this famous “evening session,” and he improves the opportunity by detailing for us the terrible difficulties and complications engendered by the secession from the Low Church proper to Dr. Cummins’s communion of the venerable and Rev. Mr. Sabine, under the roof of whose new church

the council was receiving hospitality. The *Herald* reporter recounts most feelingly the interview with which he was favored with the seceding apostle, as well as the efforts of his former congregation of the Church of the Atonement to prevent any large accessions from their ranks to the seceder’s banner. As we read the touching and terrible story, we could not help heaving a sigh, and exclaiming, “How history repeats itself in this new Raid on the Sabines!”

The third day’s session of the council was startled into activity by the Rev. J. D. Wilson, who offered a motion that the rubric preceding the prayer for those in civil authority should be altered by expunging therefrom the words, “Grant them in health and prosperity long to live.” He thought this was appropriate, perhaps, under a monarchical government, but not in a government like ours, where our rulers do not continue in office during life, and where he probably intended to insinuate that it was not always desirable that they should, in view of which fact we think that the suggestion was one of the very few evidences of wisdom displayed in the convention, that is, supposing there was any efficacy in the prayers of reformed Episcopalians. Unfortunately, however, either that body at large did not think that such merits really accompanied their petitions, or else it maliciously determined to inflict, as far as laid in its power, a life-long prolongation of “ring rule” upon its fellow-citizens. Hon. Stuart L. Woodford thought Congress needed praying for at all times. Another saw no harm in praying for ex-members of Congress and retired officials; he probably had an eye on the grace of repentance; but a third delegate, whose name we unluckily have not before us, had serious doubts about the propriety of praying at all for

salary-grabbers, back-pay stealers, and governmental subsidizers. His voice was drowned down, however, by other members of the convention, who evidently was looking to a state church arrangement, in the shape of a so-called charitable appropriation, although they did suggestively resolve to put the prayer for Congress "within brackets." Next followed a revision of the rubric for the administration of the "Holy Communion." The question of what that communion really and intrinsically was, seems to have been gotten over with the diplomatic *nonchalance* of cunning old Queen Bess, who, when pressed to give a decision on that point, replied in the well-known distich:

"Christ was the word that spake it,
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that word did make it,
That I believe and take it."

An animated discussion as to whether those outside the church pale were to be admitted to the Lord's table is herewith given in detail, as the refusal of the Episcopal Church to permit such a practice was the professed reason for the secession therefrom of Bishop Cummins.

"The rubric 'Here the minister shall invite communicants of other churches to partake with him and his people at the Lord's table,' was the subject of a very protracted discussion on a motion by Rev. Mr. McGuire to insert after the word 'churches,' the words 'in communion with this church.' At least ten amendatory motions were made before the subject was disposed of, some desiring to insert the word 'evangelical,' others the words, 'other Christian churches;' still another the words, 'all persons living in the exercise of faith and repentance are invited to partake,' &c. The Chairman finally invited Ex-Lieut. Gov. Woodford to preside, as the parliamentary business was becoming very complex. In the debate a majority of those who spoke on the subject were in favor of making the invitation as broad and as open as possible to all Christians, whether communicants or excommunicants, the case of Bishop Cheney being cited by one of them as being that of an

excommunicant. After more than an hour and a half of debate the notice and invitation were amended and adopted in the following form: 'Immediately after the sermon the minister shall give the following or a similar invitation: Our fellow-Christians of other branches of Christ's Church, and all who love our Divine Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in sincerity, are affectionately invited to the Lord's Table.' Some modifications were made in the charge of self-examination to communicants, and then came quite a discussion on the form of the paragraph accompanying the giving of the bread and wine. Rev. Mr. Sabine moved to amend by inserting the words, 'Take, eat, this is my body' (Matthew xxvi chapter, 26th verse). It was adopted after considerable debate, and then a motion was carried to reconsider the vote, which was taken rather sharply. The council then adjourned until 8 o'clock P.M.

"On reassembling, the paragraphs were amended by substituting the following:

"'The body of our Lord Jesus Christ was given for thee. Take and eat this bread, in remembrance that Christ died for thee; feed on him in thy heart by faith with thanksgiving.

"'The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ was shed for thee. Drink this wine in remembrance thereof, and be thankful.'

"A motion was subsequently carried so to modify the exhortation to the communion as to eliminate therefrom the implication of condemnation against those who partake thereof unworthily."

A very able suggestion. Whoever heard of anybody partaking of baker's bread and a glass of sherry or madeira unworthily?

"Rev. Mr. Smith moved that the following be added to the communion order as a rubric to precede the final note: 'In conducting this service, except when kneeling, the minister shall face the people, and at no time shall his back be turned to the people.'

"Bishop Cheney opposed the proposed rubric, holding that starting out on its new course, he did not think it worth while for this church to pay attention to so slight an outward matter of ceremonial as this. The Reformed Church had begun the battle on stronger issues than those of mere ritualism. It had struck at the errors of sacramentarianism. The rubric was adopted by a vote of 17 to 15. The communion order was then adopted as a whole."

From this we would infer that the bishop thought the minister's posture to be pretty much like the position of the church itself, "backwards or forwards it's ever the same" piece of immaterial humbuggery.

A lively debate on the question, as to whether the communion table of the Lord should be styled "the table of the Father," or that of the Son, resulted in decreeing that it should be known as the table of the Saviour, which was a clear distinction without a clear difference; the disputants had manifestly forgotten the words of Christ, "*I and the Father are one, who seeth the Father seeth me.*" However, as neither the Father nor the Son had anything to do with the table in question, we must simply say, in commenting on this point of discussion, *cui bono?*

"The next business taken under consideration was the revision of the order for the administration of baptism to infants.

"Rev. Mr. Smith gave an explanation of the changes and omissions made in the order as reported from the committee, and the reasons which governed the committee in regard to such alterations.

"Rev. Mr. Powers then moved that the service as reported be adopted. Among the most marked omissions are the introductory questions to the persons presenting the infant for baptism, as to whether 'this child has ever before been baptized,' &c., and the declaration at the close of the baptism, 'Now, therefore, is this child regenerate,' &c. In regard to the first it was deemed superfluous to ask if the child had already been baptized, as the fact of its presentation for baptism was *prima facie* reason to suppose that it had not been previously baptized. In regard to the regeneration of the child, Mr. Smith said the committee thought it would be better to wait until the child was grown up before determining as to the completeness of its regeneration.

"Rev. Mr. McGuire moved the insertion of a rubric requiring that the persons presenting the child for baptism be also communicants. Quite a discussion ensued on the subject, it being maintained by the supporters of the motion that none but one regenerated through the

spirit of Christ could make the vows and assume the obligations required of those who present the child as sponsors. On the other hand, it was claimed that the refusal to baptize children presented by unregenerate parents would be an assumption by the Reformed Church of the doctrine of visiting the sins of the parents upon the children.

"Rev. Mr. Smith offered a compromise amendment, to the effect that if the parents be not communicants, the children shall be presented by at least one person who is a communicant of this or some other evangelical church. This amendment was adopted.

"Mr. Turner, secretary of the council, moved that the rubric relating to the manual act of baptism be so amended as to leave it optional with the sponsors whether the manual sign of the cross should be made on the forehead of the child. For himself, he would almost go to the extent of endeavoring to induce a minister to violate the rubric so that this sign, under which we conquer, should be placed on the head of his child.

"Rev. Mr. Smith opposed it strenuously, denouncing it as a heathen abomination, a form of superstitious exorcism of evil, savoring of popery and the dark ages. He had no objection to a structural cross on a building as an emblem of Christianity, but with this proposed form of its reintroduction he could make no compromise, even as an alternative.

"Rev. Mr. Power and Mr. Turner spoke in support of the motion, the latter stating that he was contending for that which was very dear to him—the sign of the Christian faith, the sign by which he lived, and in which he hoped to die."

Passing by the principal points of this dispute on baptism as sufficiently ludicrous to raise a broad laugh for themselves, we will simply add that we feel confident that if his Satanic Majesty had had a voice in this debate he would have heartily approved of the caution of the delegates in waiting till a child had grown up, and a good deal longer, to see if he himself had been "cast out" of it by baptism unaccompanied with the sign of the cross. "Keep on waiting, gentlemen!" he would have said, "keep on waiting; he of you who dies first will know soonest." The matter was left to the choice of the person baptizing,

which was certainly a point gained by the nameless gentleman to whom we have just referred.

In the order of confirmation adopted, all references to the "bishop confirming" are stricken out, instead of which the applicant is represented as being desirous of "confirming his baptismal covenant."

The climax of the fun, if we may apply such a term to this sacrilegious farce, was reached, however, when the council came to the revision of the marriage service. We will let the reporters tell the tale.

"The marriage service was first taken up for consideration, and Rev. B. B. Leacock, of the Committee on Revision, explained the changes made, in the form as reported, from the old form of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The handing of the ring to the minister is omitted, and instead thereof the bridegroom himself places it on the finger of the bride. The phrase, 'with all my worldly goods I thee endow,' hitherto addressed by the bridegroom to the bride, is omitted, inasmuch as it was in many cases inconsistent and even farcical where the bride only is possessed of the 'worldly goods.' The allusion, also, to the married life of Isaac and Rebekah was omitted, as there did not seem to be any peculiar fitness in presenting the example of a woman who had been guilty of a grave deception of her husband in his declining years. The sentence, 'I pronounce that they be man and wife together,' is changed by the substitution of the word 'husband' for 'man.'"

A most judicious change!

"A motion by Rev. Mr. Tucker to change the phrase, 'I plight thee my troth,' on the ground that the words 'plight' and 'troth' might not be always understood by the parties using them, was lost. Mr. Barton moved that the words 'as Isaac and Rebekah lived faithfully together' be restored to the service. The motion was lost. The marriage service was then adopted as a whole.

"Subsequently, however, Rev. Mr. Sabine moved a reconsideration of the vote by which Isaac and Rebekah were expelled from the order of matrimonial service. It had been stated as a reason

for this omission that Rebekah had been found deceitful toward Isaac. If it were so it certainly did not affect her faithfulness toward him. He thought that the reference to the united lives of this ancient couple was a happy one, which it was well to keep before us in these days of divorce and marital infelicities. Carried.

"Mr. Barton said he certainly thought it somewhat exacting to submit Rebekah to criticism as to her married life at this late day, and especially as it did not touch her bridal years or long life as a faithful wife, but only an error, of which we had few details, of which she had been guilty in her later years.

"Rev. Mr. Wilson and Rev. Mr. Leacock opposed the motion made to restore to the service the words eliminated. Lost by a vote of 16 to 13."

Now we should seriously like to know whether "the Sorosis" intend to tamely submit to the stigma thus sought to be attached at this late day, on the authority too of a few biblical "details," to the memory of Rebekah, simply because she successfully attempted to impose upon her very unreasonable "worsers half," and that too after years of conjugal devotion to him; while we would respectfully remind the members of the council that they should be guarded in their criticism of an act done *by a divine inspiration*.

"The Committee on Doctrine and Worship was instructed to prepare a catechism and form of service for use in Sunday-schools, and to report the same to the next General Council."

To which we must say, God help the young ideas that are taught to shoot heavenwards from that catechism! We are only surprised that the council did not recommend its adoption as one of the text-books in our public schools.

In revising the order for the burial of the dead,

"Rev. Mr. McGuire moved that the words of the service, 'Looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ,' be changed to 'Awaiting the general resurrection in the last day, and the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ.' In speaking in sup-

port of his motion, Mr. McGuire said that the existing words were inappropriate to be used at the funeral of one who was a notorious sinner. After an extended debate, the amendment was adopted."

We should like to inquire, if suicides, unbaptized, and excommunicated persons are not by the canons of this church to receive public burial, what sort of a notorious sinner is to receive exemption from the rule? Again, if even everybody is to be invited to "the table of the Saviour," no matter how wicked, why should not everybody, regardless of his or her crimes, receive a dignified funeral?

Our kind readers must not suppose that the few brief extracts we have given convey anything like a full report of the proceedings of this council, whose work is replete with the most startling inconsistencies, ridiculous fallacies, and positive blasphemies. We have merely selected some of the most salient portions of the reports as best calculated to convey an idea of the entire work. Neither time nor space would permit us to rehearse all the silly things said and done under the "sheep's clothing" of a fraudulent theology and counterfeit religion. Thus "sacraments" were declared to be only "ordinances," yet the "priests" of the church were ordered to administer sacraments.

Then again there was a claim of true and lawful episcopacy, at least of jurisdiction, set up, yet "a committee" informed the council that they had searched in vain through the Scriptures for any evidence of apostolic succession in their church (of the thoroughness of their search we have no doubts, and their labors were rewarded by finding the truth). Again, bishops were ordered to keep "hands off" in administering consecration or "ordination," yet they took good care when called upon to perform these ceremonies during the council to lay them most vigorously on, but perhaps those exalted

functionaries argued in extenuation of their disobedience that as there was some doubts about their being real bishops, they were exempted from a rule set for the episcopacy; certainly if that poor prayer-book could have become incarnate, assumed a personality, and spoken after revision, it would have acted very much like the old lady in the nursery rhyme, who, finding that during her nap on the roadside,

A naughty peddler by the name of Stout,
Had cut all her petticoats round about,

exclaimed in a frenzy of doubt on awakening, "La me! am I myself or somebody else?" especially when it found itself subjected to further tortures, because—

"In consequence of the discovery of numerous typographical errors in the printed proofs of the prayer-book, Rev. Messrs. Leacock, Smith, and Powers were appointed to superintend the publication of the prayer-book, and supervise it in all matters of grammar, punctuation, and orthography. The secretary, Mr. Turner, was added to the committee, and it was further provided that they shall be unanimous in their judgments concerning the matters referred to them."

That is of course to be understood, providing there could be found such a miracle of unity as three men of one mind in the whole council.

After a motion to commit the pages containing the Gregorian Calendar to "that distinguished astronomer, Col. Aycrigg," in order that he might improve upon the work of good old St. Gregory, a very great pontiff in his day, but a little behind time for the present fast age—

"On motion of Rev. Mr. Leacock, the council arose and sung the Gloria in Excelsis as a recognition to God of the harmony and completion of the work of revision. A vote of thanks to Rev. Messrs. Leacock and Smith was then moved, and was strongly opposed by Mr. Leacock, who said that he did not think the committee was specially entitled to any particular commendation. The work accomplished was the work of the

whole council. The thanks were tendered by a unanimous vote, however."

The assurance of the Rev. Mr. Leacock, in offering the first-mentioned resolution, was as refreshing as it was conventional. We never yet knew a crowd of these reforming fellows to get together without giving each other an innumerable quantity of metaphorical black eyes and pulled noses, yet somehow or other they always manage to adjourn singing "Gloria in Excelsis," in thanksgiving for the harmony which prevailed among them. No doubt they will go home and tell their parishioners wonderful tales about the delegates dwelling together in unity, pretty much in the same exaggerated style as the solitary convert to the Cummins church from Pennsylvania proceeded to tell the convention during its closing hours about the "great progress" of the Reformed Episcopal Church in the Keystone State, said progress consisting in the simple fact that the said ministerial convert, Rev. Mr. Windeyer, having been pastor of a little village church at Schuylkill Falls, went over to the new reformation, and as the gentleman whose money had built the church went with him, and claimed the church edifice as his private property, the congregation *nolens volens* had to be carried with it over the water of disturbance, as in an ark.

And now to return to the object for whose supposed present and future benefit all this performance was undertaken—the infant church. We fancy, that when it has slipped from its swathing bands and donned its *toga virilis*, which, according to the very flat platitude of its father, "Bishop" Cummins, enunciated at its birth, it will do *if God prospers it*, it will turn upon us and exclaim, after the

fashion of the victims of Peter Pindar's sarcastic quill, "Why, when such proceedings as those you have been reviewing are no novelty outside your own infallible church; why, when there are so many social, moral, and political disorders raging around worthy subjects of your saucy pen;

"Why, critic, leave the hated objects free,
And vent, poor driveller, all your spite on me?"

To which we will have to reply: "Softly, good friend; is your eye evil because we would be funny at your expense? But since you ask us so reasonable a question, we will attempt as satisfactory an answer. It is not because we would draw on this special occasion any moral for the spiritual advantage of true believers from the spectacle you have become, both for angels and men, but rather because you, being the latest and most prominent apparition on the melodramatic stage of Protestantism, of whose interminable list of star performers in ridiculous rôles we have now had a surfeit, we would improve the occasion of your appearance to urge upon our brethren of the so-called Christian churches to unite with us brethren of the true household of the true faith, in a spirit of truly fraternal charity and Christian unity, in petitioning the infallible Pontiff of Christendom, that he would, for the sake of the reputation of the superior wisdom of this nineteenth century, and in behalf of outraged religion and common sense, and for the honor of our common humanity, not yet degraded to complete imbecility, exhibit the most urgent speed in adding to the litany this petition: FROM ANY MORE QUASI RELIGIOUS REFORMERS AND CHURCH CONVENTIONS GOOD LORD DELIVER US."

ABOUT WORDS AND PHRASES.

Agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ.

No. II.

PEOPLE generally content themselves with a good dictionary to settle the meaning of words—some people even consult such a book. But the dictionaries have lost a portion of their assumed infallibility by the vanity of their authors or compilers, in accepting as legitimate every word that they find in print, and giving as its true meaning that which its user tries to convey by its use. Some dictionaries are recommended upon the grounds that they contain many hundred and even many thousand words not found in any other lexicon, and this apparently upon the principle that all that is spoken and written is correct. Such practice, while it enlarges the vocabulary, diminishes greatly the precision of the language.

The present generation has been called on to employ as familiar terms, words that in the beginning of this century were reserved for the special requirements of science. They, however, are only *new* in their familiar use; they existed in most of the English dictionaries, or were familiar to the classical scholar.

But new pursuits or new branches of employment have suggested terms that startled the scholar when they were first used in the newspapers. Among these new words is one that has become so frequently used as almost to have removed the disgust which its first appearance caused. The earnestness with which gentlemen connected with the outdoor business of the public press pursue their game has led them to make a verb that has not reached the dictionaries. The word *interview* as a

verb, "We interviewed," has no *acknowledged* existence beyond the reporters' vocabulary, but it is on the highway to recognition. And newspaper editors give it partial recognition by admitting it into their columns in *italics*, or with marks of quotation—"to interview." The haste of composition will soon dispense with the italic and quotation-marks, and the word will be a part of our language, "a child by adoption."

A newspaper editor, speaking of the misfortunes of a young man who broke his promise of marriage, remarks "that the outraged affection of the disappointed lady led her 'to law' her quondam lover." And another editor says that "instead of the slow movement of a one-horse vehicle, he *railed* the whole distance to Chicago." Whether "to interview," "to law," and "to rail," are to become legitimate verbs in our language is not to be foreseen. The dictionaries have not yet legalized them. There is, it may be said, such a verb as "to law:" it means to mutilate the claws of a dog. But this "verbalizing" of nouns is only a part of the process of saving time to which writers and speakers in this country frequently resort. "To interview," to have an interview; "to law," that is, to "seek the law;" "to rail," that is, to take the rail, which is an American abbreviation of "go by railroad."

There is on our table a newspaper containing an account of the arrest of two persons for crime, and it is stated that they had been "*jailed*" in Washington. "Im-

prisoned" would have served ordinary people.

And Governor Hartranft, addressing General Osburn, directs him to withdraw his soldiers from the Susquehanna depot, and to "*wire*" an estimate of expenses, &c., that is, inform him by telegraph.

In New York, news across the Atlantic is "cabled."

During the late war, writers and speakers, glorifying the times and the action, were wont to say: "We are making history." Now that that manufacture has ceased, it may be said that we are making "dictionaries."

Not only are time and work saved by this condensation of words in sentences, but the expedient is resorted to even in words.

The capital city of the State of Missouri is St. Josephs, and one would suppose that such a name would have escaped contraction, but neither word nor place is sacred. So that now St. Josephs is as little used to denote the political capital of the great State as Tremont is to signify Boston. People go to live in and return from St. Joe. And it is thought, it is not known how correctly, that the name Saratoga, in New York, will soon give place to that of Sallie or Sal.

"Pantaloons" and "gentlemen," closely connected, are giving place to "pants" and "gents." And the tailors and clothes venders advertise "Gents' pants." There is some authority for the abbreviation, viz., Tittlebat Titmouse, M.P., in Warren's novel of "Ten Thousand a Year." Of course, few would follow Mr. Titmouse in the use of such words, unless they were prepared to make him authority in other matters.

There is a use of the conjunction "if" which is quite incorrect, though heard in all places and seen in all printed works, *e. g.*, "Ask

him *if* he is to be in Washington." Now most of the conjunctions have correspondents; for example, *though* has *yet*: "*Though* he slay me, *yet* will I trust in him." *If* has *then*: "*If* he deceive me, *then* I will never trust him."

We ask *whether* he is to be in Washington, or Georgetown, not *if* he is to be in Washington.

Every day is heard the assertion, "I do not know *if* he is there," or, "Ask *if* he is sick."

Dr. Johnson sanctions, by his writings, another misuse of *if*. He says: "Gray would have been a great poet *if* he had written nothing but the 'Elegy.'"

Now what Dr. Johnson intended to say was quite different from the idea conveyed in the assertion. He meant that Gray, who had written so much good poetry, would have been a great poet, even *though* he had written nothing but the "Elegy." He thus bestowed extraordinary praise on the "Elegy."

Whereas the great critic, by his language, really declares that, however great may be Gray's claims to distinction as the author of the "Elegy," still those claims are rendered invalid by the character of the other poetical productions of the author.

We find a use of "almost" that does not belong to the English language, *e. g.*, "Death was *almost* more desirable than such an imprisonment." If anything is *almost* more desirable, then it was perhaps less desirable.

The *position* in a sentence must be regarded in the use of certain words. "As well" has a distinct meaning and use in a sentence, as follows: "He took the same doctrine *as well* as the same practice." But of late hard straining or a love of novelty has induced some writers to place "as well" at the termination of a sentence, *e. g.*, "The Bible not only furnishes the Christian with themes for contemplation

and reflection, but with subjects of conversation *as well*."

The papers tell us that a horse trotted two miles *inside* of three minutes. Now we know that "within" and "inside of" have some affinity, but they do not at all times express the same idea. A horse may trot three miles *inside* an inclosure, but not inside of three minutes.

"Come off" is now very generally used in a way that seems to degrade that which is to take place. Fifty years ago "come off" was a slang term of the ring: "The fight will *come off* next Thursday." Recently we heard it announced that a communion service in a church would "*come off* on Sunday next."

My uncle Toby (Captain Shandy), when he heard my father (Squire Shandy) apply the word "scoundrelly" to a canon, rose up to protest against the application of such an adjective to such an honorable instrument. And we hope that the administration of a solemn sacrament will not be announced with such a phrase as to "come off."

Mr. Trollope says that the French language has been stunted by the unhealthy dressing and trimming of the Academy, while the English language has flourished like a native oak without any restraint of dictionaries. That is in some measure true, but the tone of the English language, though it might have suffered by excessive trimming, has certainly not improved by all the offshoots and grafting which have marked its progress; and had a judicious censorship been exercised, it might have been spared many words or the misapplication of some words that now interfere with that precision which is an important element in a language by which the new facts and ideas are to be transmitted to succeeding generations.

But is a word that seems to play

many parts in English composition, as an adverb, a preposition, and a conjunction. And a carelessness in its use may convey a meaning not intended by the user.

But as a disjunctive conjunction is simple, regular. "I will *go*, *but* he will remain." It is in its use as an adverb or a preposition that we find it *abused*:

"I have *but* two dollars in my purse." Here "*but*" is used for "*only*," and is an adverb, and the sentence conveys a meaning not to be mistaken, yet it would be better to use "*only*."

But is used as a preposition in the sentence, "I have no child *but* John," that is, "Take away John and I have no child." The two uses of "*but*" given above are confounded.

"It was necessary to have a majority, *but* six members were present." "*But*" in that example should be followed by "*only*."

We copy the following from a paper: "We had doubts whether people would come, *but* eighty men were there." Now it may be asked whether eighty was a smaller number than had been expected, or whether expectation had been realized by there being quite as many as had been looked for? In the first meaning, "*only*" should take the place of "*but*," in the last meaning, *yet* should be used.

The word "*either*," which in its true meaning is distributive or alternative, and never dual, has come now to take the place of "*each*," and unfortunately poetic usage even as high as Milton sanctions it.

Milton says: "On *either* hand stood," &c. So people say: "She had a glove on *either* hand," when it is evident that the sentence means, "She had a glove on each hand." "Take *either* path." That does not mean "take both paths," but, "take either one path or the other."

In the use of certain words we

must be guided by correspondent words. The comparative degree of an adjective corresponds with "than;" "either" corresponds with "or."

"She had a glove on each hand" — "She had a glove on *either* the left *or* the right hand, but not on both hands." "Take *either* path (one or the other), but do not take *both* paths."

The pronunciation of the word "either" as if written "ither" is simply abominable. There is no analogy for such a sound of *ei* in English words. In German it would be correct, but not in English. We recall at this moment no word of our language in which *ei* is sounded as *i*. The words height and heighten may be adduced, but any scholar will perceive that these words come from "high," and while they retain the proper pronunciation of the vowel, they differ in orthography from the easy pronunciation of the words. We notice that of late "hight" is finding favor.

It was not intended to notice erroneous "orthoepy," else perhaps the vicious pronunciation of "wound" as "woond" would have been particularly noticed. That affectation of French sounds is painful to a cultivated ear, and it is without analogy in English.

It was not the intention of the writer of these articles to present more than a few instances of inaccuracies in the use of words, but

such a presentation may lead to inquiries that must result in more careful regard to the importance of accuracy.

Errors may exist and often are found in the composition of the best of writers. They are slips of the pen, momentary lack of vigilance relative to some early acquired bad habit. They may be errors of the compositors that escape the eye of the proof-reader or the care of the printer. They will scarcely become injurious, because they will not be sustained by the same error in other parts of the book or article. We speak of errors which are acquiring the sanction of use, which poor writers perpetrate by a want of knowledge of the language, and good writers seem to justify by their carelessness.

It is difficult for men of the best education and of much care to avoid some peculiarities of their own locality. Daniel Webster never cleared his vocabulary of the New Englandism "*be* you" instead of "*are* you," and Walter Scott rhymed "canal" with "fall" and "all."

The people of the South, in this country, and in many parts of Ireland, and (such is the influence of error) in many parts of the Middle States, continually use the auxiliary "will" for "shall," *e. g.*, "I *will* be so occupied to-morrow that I *will* not be able to come."

WASTED TREASURES.

It was springtide—happy springtide—
Laughing spring, so glad and gay ;
And a troop of merry children
Were bounding on their way :
From each tiny hand the flowers
Fell in rosy rainbow showers ;
Little recked those joyous children,
Spring had fairer flowers than they.

But at evening, when the night-dew
O'er the earth her mantle spread,
Like a silver-footed fairy,
Leaving tokens of her tread ;
When the eyes, by grief unclouded,
In their dreamless sleep lay shrouded,
Withered, crushed, besoiled, and broken,
On the earth the flowers lay dead !

Once again I saw the children,
But the ground was white with snow ;
Only here and there a snowdrop
Tried its dainty bell to show ;
Ah ! how tenderly they press it,
Ah ! how fondly they caress it ;
'Twill be long, say they, ere summer
Will her rarer gifts bestow.

Happy springtide, laughing springtide,
Life's bright, blushing, golden morn ;
Every swift-returning moment
Some fresh fleeting pleasure born ;
From joy's laden lap the flowers
Drop in rosy rainbow showers,
And they fall uncultured, unheeded—
Fairer hopes will rise with morn.

Then the winter, then the winter,
When Time's snow around us lies ;
And we see our treasures dimly
Through our failing, darkened eyes ;
And the flowers of hope are faded,
And our light of life is shaded,
And perchance joy's latest blossom,
Withered, crushed, and broken, dies !

Oh, the foolish, heedless children,
With their ringing laughter gay,
Let us tremble while we listen,
For we would not be as they ;
Fondly prize each heaven-sent pleasure,
Duly hoard the fleeting treasure,
That life's winter may be fragrant
With the blossoms of its May !

LOST AND FOUND.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

"INDEED, Michael, I cannot take it. Thank you kindly for thinking of me, but the 'kerchief I won't take. Maybe there's many as will be only too glad of it, but I'd rather not, so please don't be angered at my saying so."

The speaker was a remarkably pretty girl, of some nineteen summers, whose deep blue eye, dark wavy hair, and bright complexion, betrayed the Irish blood that had run in her mother's veins, as did the erect carriage of her shapely head, uncovered by hat or bonnet, and the free light step, untrammelled save by the short blue petticoat that descended but little below her knees, displaying the neat ankles in their dark gray stockings, and the well-shaped foot in its heavy shoes. Norah Grey's mother had indeed been a wild Irish girl, and her child had inherited along with these traits of form the deep passionate nature that had laid the young wife in her grave but two short months after the day that had seen her husband's body, stiff and cold, borne home by the sorrowing mates who had seen him struck down by a drunken man whom he had endeavored to prevent drowning himself. The man who stood by, Michael White, was a dark-looking fellow, several years her senior, with heavy overhanging brows, and a thin-lipped mouth, that spoke a cruel and determined nature. He held a bright pink handkerchief in his hand, and his eyes were fixed on Norah with an angry glitter in them.

"You won't take it, won't you, Norah Grey?" he said, fiercely. "But you wore Harry Duncan's ribbon in your hair yesterday. I knew it, for I saw him buy it. But

mark you, I'm not going to let *him* get the better of me. I'll pay him out for it, and you too, if you throw me over for him. I'm not a man to break my word. Look to yourself, Norah Grey."

The girl's eyes flashed, and she raised her head proudly. "As to throwing you over, I never had nought to say to you, so that's not true. You're a base coward to try and frighten a girl; but that's not the way to gain me. I'll take Harry Duncan's ribbons, and I'll take Harry Duncan too, and it's little I'm feared of your black looks and your threats. I'll never be wife of yours while the sea has waves, or the sun shines above us; so now you know my mind."

She took up a bundle of sticks that lay on the ground beside her, and moved away with a quick step and a flushed cheek. Michael White gazed after her with a lowering brow, as her tall figure, standing out against the red evening sky, gradually lessened and finally disappeared from the broad furze-covered common that stretched along the tops of the lofty cliffs for many miles on that wild coast. He really loved the beautiful Irish girl; but he had found out by chance from the uncle she lived with, that Norah had a little fortune of her own, safely invested in a neighboring town, and he knew that Harry Duncan, the finest and best-looking young sailor in that little fishing village, was no slight favorite of Norah's, and jealousy and avarice lent their aid to the love that her bright eyes and glowing cheeks had kindled.

"She *shall* be mine," he muttered fiercely, as his eyes rested on her retreating figure. "I like her

the better for her spirit, and I'll soon break it if it troubles me. Besides, Duncan shall never crow over me, nor boast that he took the girl I loved from me. I'll kill him or her first."

He struck his hat fiercely on to his head, and thrusting the rejected handkerchief into his pocket, strode away towards the quiet cottage on the downs that owned him for its master. Meanwhile, Norah was descending the steep narrow path that led to the village. The snug little hamlet of Beck's Cliff nestled in a small bay, sheltered on every side by lofty white cliffs, against whose rugged base the angry sea beat and roared in impotent fury through the long winter. That treacherous monster looked mild enough now, as it lay gleaming and glowing beneath the western sun, and breaking in easy wavelets along the sands, where, seated beside their boats, the fishermen were mending their nets, while their bare-legged children danced and shouted in the water, or built mimic cottages and dug mimic canals. The little thatched cabins gleamed white among the trees that grew almost to the water's edge, and wives and mothers were sitting at their doors, work in hand, or tossing their last white-haired chubby urchins in their arms, as they gossiped with their neighbors over the low stone walls that separated their tiny gardens. A group of lads in their blue and white sailor's costume, some with picturesque red caps on their heads, were playing leap-frog under the shade of one of the lofty cliffs; and as Norah, placing her heavy bundle of firewood on the ground, seated herself on a mossy gray stone to rest and enjoy the calm beauty of the scene below, her eyes rested on this group with a long inquiring gaze, and a half smile on her rosy lips. Presently she was seen; a shout ascended, and a tarred straw hat was

waved; five minutes more, and a flushed breathless young man, who had been looking on at the game, threw himself on the ground at her feet.

"Why do you leave them all, Harry?" said Norah, looking, however, with a sunny smile into the eyes that were raised to hers. "Sure, it's better fun for you down there than with me, for I'm tired and a bit out of sorts."

"What's put you out, Norah dear?" asked the young sailor. "You look bright enough, but I can't say I feel quite bright myself. There's a weight over me, and I didn't care to be larking with those fellows. I was more than glad when I sighted your pretty face shining down on me. But tell me, what's put you out?"

Norah's face flushed. "It's just Michael White," she said, hotly; "he makes me that wild I could beat him! He's forever after me, and won't take no, and I'd lie in the grave before I'd be wife of his; I hate him."

"He's a bad man, I'm thinking," said Harry, gravely, "and not one I'd like you to anger, Norah. There's no saying what he won't do when he's up. But, Norah dear, why don't you tell him bold, that you've promised to be my wife? Maybe he'd be quiet then."

"That's just what I daren't do," replied Norah, hastily, "for he'd mark you ill, I'm thinking. He's bitter against you now, and says he'll spite both you and me because I wore your ribbon yestreen. Harry, he's a bad man; don't you go near him, or let him anger you, or maybe he'll kill you."

Harry Duncan laughed scornfully, but his brow was clouded.

"I'm not feared of him, Norah," he said; "but I wish you'd keep away from him. I'm going a fishing to-morrow early, and mayhap I won't be back for a day or two; but you won't let him frighten you

into giving me up, will you, dear? You'll be true to me, Norah?"

He looked at her wistfully and sadly, a strange foreboding of evil coming over him.

"Haven't I sworn it, Harry Duncan," cried Norah, passionately, "haven't I said I'll be your wife, and no other man's, by the kind heavens above us, and is it doubting me you are? I'll be true to you in life and in death, and never a thought will I give to Michael White or the bravest man alive. Why will ye ask me, and what is it that makes ye down and sad? Oh, Harry, Harry, I'd die if aught happened to you, my lad, so don't be frightening me with your looks and your questions."

She rose to her feet, her blue eyes sparkling with tears, and her pretty mouth quivering, and Harry lifted her bundle, and they prepared to descend.

"D'ye see that bold ship, Harry?" she cried, as she looked seaward and pointed to the gray horizon, on which an evening fog was rising; "she's standing for here, with her sails all set. Look, Harry; she's a brave sight."

The young sailor turned, and shading his eyes with his hand, looked long and earnestly.

"'Tis a man-o'-war," he said, at length; "and she's making for here; but she'll tack, you may be sure, for what would she want here?"

"Ah, well, I must be going home," said Norah, turning reluctantly away. "Aunt Jenny will be wondering what's come to me. Come, Harry."

They proceeded towards the village, pausing now and then to gaze on the moon, which was slowly rising in all her splendor behind the cliffs, but at length they stood at the little wicket-gate of Norah's home.

"You'll be away early, Harry, I'm thinking," she said, half sadly, as she took her bundle from him.

"I'll not see you again for a day or two, will I?"

"I guess not," said the young man, gravely; "but that won't break your heart, Norah. Shake hands, my girl, before I go, and don't let that fellow Michael be threatening you again. You tell him bold out you're my promised wife, and he'll let you be, never fear. He's hankering on, thinking he'll get you. Good night, Norah dear, and the good God keep you."

With a heavy heart, Harry Duncan left her; and as Norah watched his retreating figure, a terrible feeling of desolation crept over her, and but for very shame she would have run after him and begged him not to go, to wait but one day before he started. But she controlled herself, and with a heavy sigh she entered the cabin.

* * * * *

There were strange tales whispered of Michael White, and how he lived. He had no apparent trade, but yet never seemed to want money; he spent a greater part of his time in lounging about the cliffs, and would lie, hour after hour sometimes, seemingly half asleep, gazing out to sea, and then would vanish for several days together, none knew where. Those who passed his lonely cottage on the downs late at night averred that there were bright lights in his window, and loud noises, and old men shook their heads, with meaning looks, but none gave utterance to the suspicions that all shared. Norah disliked him excessively, all the more for his avowed preference for her, and hoped that after the decided rebuff she had now given him, he would cease to persecute her. For a few days afterwards he certainly avoided her, but Norah was far too deeply engrossed in another thought to notice it now. Harry Duncan had been gone three days longer than she had ever known him stay away, and she

began to scan the horizon out to sea with very anxious eyes.

"He will not come," she murmured, sinking down on the grass with tearful eyes on the evening of the third day. "I shall never see him again. Oh, Harry, why did I let you go? The heart was heavy within me when ye left me, for I felt as I'd see you no more. Oh, Harry, my darlin', what wouldn't I give to see your bonny face again?"

And a wild wail of passionate grief burst from the poor girl, as she sat wringing her hands on the lonely cliff. At last, with a heart oppressed with heavy forebodings, she slowly descended the narrow broken path, and entered the cottage where she lived. Her aunt sat on a low stool near the fire, where the kettle was boiling for tea; the tears were running down her bronzed cheeks as fast as they could chase each other, but she brushed them away as Norah entered, and rising quickly bent over the kettle, and lifted the lid.

"You're late, Norah girl," she said, in tones that she vainly endeavored to steady; "where have you been? It's time tea was laid."

But her niece did not heed the question. Stepping hastily up to her, she laid her hand on Mrs. Grey's arm, and staring almost fiercely into the face of her aunt, exclaimed, "Don't be hiding it from me, Aunt Jenny. For the love of heaven, tell me quick. Is it Harry?"

"It is," sobbed Mrs. Grey; "he's gone, poor boy. They've just found his boat, bottom uppermost. My poor girl, don't take on. It's the Lord's doing. The good God has taken him."

* * * * *

The bright eyes grew dull and heavy, the rosy cheeks paled, and the neighbors said that Norah Grey would die as her mother had before

her—of a broken heart. But Norah did not die. The months crept slowly by, the trees grew golden, then brown, and then bare, the days were short and cold, and Winter gave notice that he meant shortly to make his appearance, but still Norah took her work daily to the spot upon the cliffs where she had last sat with Harry, and in spite of the biting winds and frozen grass, wept bitter tears hour after hour over the stone that was to her like the tomb of her lost one. Meanwhile, Michael White began once more to persecute her with his presence, and finding out her daily haunt, sought her there again and again, sitting by her side and striving to cheer her, and lead her into conversation, but carefully avoiding as yet all words of love, that she might have no excuse for repeating her former rebuff. But poor Norah could not endure his presence at a spot that seemed sacred, in her loving fancy, to her lost Harry. She did not wish to be cheered; she liked to hug her grief, and muse and weep over the happy days of old; and with pleading eyes she would sadly say, "Oh, Michael, let me be! Sure, I'm too sad to talk to ye. Won't you please, leave me alone? It's poor company I am, with my heart buried in the sea."

But Michael was not to be daunted. "It's bad for you, my girl," he would answer. "I know you're grieving sore for him that's dead and gone; but you're young yet; maybe you'll smile again when the spring comes, and the winter is over."

"Will I smile when Harry lies dead?" cried the poor girl, with streaming eyes. "Will I be glad that the heavens are blue over his grave? Will I care that the flowers bloom again, when he is not here to pick 'em for me? No, no, Michael White; I'll never smile again. My heart is broke entirely."

When she found that he sought

her still, she avoided the spot, and wandered instead along the shore beneath the tall cliffs, shuddering as the thought occurred to her that Harry's bones might be whitening somewhere among the crags. Michael White sought her in vain at her accustomed seat, and inly cursing her obstinacy, descended into the village, to see if he could find her, or whether she were ill. But Mrs. Grey, who liked him as little as her niece did, shirked his questions, and refused to tell him where Norah was gone.

"She'll not be wanting you, I'm thinking, Michael White," she answered brusquely. "The poor girl's heart is nigh broke, and she's best alone. She ain't company for none now, poor dearie; the good Lord pity her." And Michael strode away with muttered imprecations, and all the more determined to gain his object.

Thus the winter passed slowly away; and one bright afternoon in spring, Norah sat on a large rock at the foot of the cliff, knitting with rapid fingers, and ever and anon raising her sad eyes to watch the white sails that passed along the horizon. She was sadder than usual that afternoon, for as she came over the beach she had seen all the fishermen putting off their boats to try their luck, and the scene brought back with painful vividness old sunny days when she had gone down to wish Harry good luck, and watch his vessel disappear across the tossing waves that now washed over his whitened bones. She no longer gave way to wild bursts of passionate grief, but as her heavy feet wandered towards her hiding-place, large scalding tears rose to her eyes, and rolled slowly down her sad white face, silent witnesses of the bitter grief within. And as the blue wool jerked and flew over her active fingers, deep sighs rose unbidden to her lips, till at length laying down

her work, she rested her head upon her hand, and gave way to her sad thoughts. A man was coming along the shining wet sands towards her, and she dreamily watched him as each firm tread seemed to dry the circle of sand around his foot, and again as it was lifted to leave it wetter than before. He was dressed in the uniform of the Navy, and with his hands clasped behind his back, and his head bent down, strode rapidly on, as if engrossed in thought. What was it that made Norah turn crimson to the roots of her wavy hair, and then again as pale as ashes, as he neared her, and while her heart beat so that she could hear it, lay down her work on the rock beside her, and rise to her feet? The sailor raised his head. Could the grave give up its dead, or the waves their prey? One cry from his lips of "Norah, my darling!" and she was in his arms, crying, laughing by turns, and vainly trying to speak to him. His story was soon told; how his boat had been capsized in a squall, and how he had clung on to its upturned keel until picked up by the very man-of-war that he and Norah had watched on the evening before he started. The captain was short of hands, owing to a fever that had carried off several of his men; and, glad of so stalwart a substitute, had taken poor unwilling Harry to the coast of Africa. That was how poor Norah through eight long months had nearly broken her heart over the dead love that had never been dead. Loud and long were the rejoicings of the village over the return of the lost one, for Harry was a general favorite; and the young man laughingly declared that his arm was totally useless, owing to the severe shakings it had had since he made his appearance. He did not have to beg very hard to induce Norah to promise to be his wife at once; and the banns were put up on the follow-

ing Sunday at the tiny church on the downs. But there was one to whom his return gave no pleasure, but, on the contrary, filled his heart with rage and hate. As Michael White, with livid face and close-set mouth, heard the two names called (for he was at church, having been told Norah was to be asked), he only vowed that while he lived Norah Grey should never be Harry Duncan's wife.

PART II.

"WHERE'S Norah this afternoon, Mrs. Grey?" asked Harry Duncan, as he stood at the cottage door one day, about a week before his marriage.

Mrs. Grey came to the door with her chubby baby in her arms. "Well, Harry, she's gone along the shore to the rocks to gather rack," she answered. "Mrs. Penn, she've got a bad leg, and the doctor told her to put rack poultices to it. Her girl ain't in to-day, so Norah said as she'd fetch it. You'll find her easy on them rocks off towards Smugglers' Creek."

Harry shook his head smilingly. "I can't go after her, Mrs. Grey," he answered. "I must go to Addleton to make some purchases. Time's getting on. Only eight days more, you know."

He strode away with a happy laugh, calling back to say, "Tell Norah I'll look in as I come home, somewhere about nine o'clock." He was gone, bright and happy, up the cliff path and across the downs, towards the little town of Addleton, all unconscious of the black cloud that was gathering over his head. Meanwhile Norah, with the light free step of former days, and the roses once more blooming in her cheeks, proceeded to the rocks that at low tide were covered with the seaweed she sought. She reached the rocks, a good two miles from the village; but the tide still covered them, and

climbing on to a huge boulder, she sat down to wait till its receding waves should leave the dark bronze-green masses bare, for her to gather the full round pods that contained the pulp ordered for Mrs. Penn's bad leg. At first she sat patiently, her thoughts full of her approaching marriage, and the cosy little cottage that she and Harry were to share, not three hundred yards from the home that had been hers for twelve years; but happiness is restless, and soon, springing to her feet, she proceeded to climb the cliff to peer into a wide and deep crevice that her quick eye had detected some yards above her head. From point to point she climbed, clinging to projecting pieces, for it was a very perilous path, but Norah was as active as a sailor boy, and soon stood panting and breathless in what seemed to be a tiny cavern. When she had a little recovered her breath, she proceeded to explore it, and to her surprise found that it extended deep into the cliffs, and there were signs of its having been at some time or other inhabited, for broken boxes and empty bottles were scattered carelessly, and pieces of cord and a man's hat lay in one dim corner. As Norah's eyes rested on the latter, a sudden suspicion made her stoop to examine it. As she did so, a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder, and starting up with a cry of fear, she found herself face to face with Michael White. For some seconds they stood gazing at each other in silence, both secretly astonished at the sight of the other. Then Michael spoke.

"I've often heard that the devil helps his own," he said, in low harsh tones, with a sneering smile; "so I suppose he brought you here. What are you looking for, and how came you here?"

Norah's heart beat fast and thick, as she realized how com-

pletely she was in this man's power; but with an unshrinking eye, and a defiant toss of her head, she said, "And what is that to you, Michael White! Sure, I'm as free to come here as yourself?"

"Perhaps so," returned the other, with a short laugh; "but not quite as free to go, as you'll find. Have you told your lover, Harry Duncan, to meet you here? because, if so, you'll mayhap have the satisfaction of seeing him take a leap from the cliff."

Norah made no reply. She felt that this was no time or place to rouse the man's fierce temper. She was completely in his power; Harry was the only person likely to come and look for her, and Michael looked quite capable of doing as he implied, and tossing him from the cliff, for he was a large and powerful man, and stopped short of nothing when he was in a passion.

"Have you thought it all over, Norah?" he said, in a quieter tone, after she had stood some time in silence; "do you see how completely I have got you now? If you have, you will listen reasonably to what I say. I never meant to let you marry Harry Duncan; but if I had, this act of yours would have stopped it. You have one choice before you—to vow to be my wife, and never to breathe a word of this cave to living mortal, or—" he paused, and then added, in a lower tone—"to go where you can tell no tales."

He ceased, and Norah, brave as she was, felt a cold shudder creep down her. She knew he was not a man to say more than he meant, and guessing that the tales men whispered of him were true, and that this was the cave in which his smuggled goods were concealed, she knew that he would not let her escape to reveal the secret of it. She felt that the two alternatives were equally horrible, and yet could see no escape from them.

"Let me think, Michael White," she said, quietly. "I love Harry Duncan, and I hate you. But life is sweet. Give me time to think it over." The man laughed a fiendish laugh. "Aye, aye," he said, "you shall have time to think it over; but you're not going to stay here, and escape as you came, or let young Duncan come and fight for you. Come with me;" and he seized her hand.

Norah shook him off with flashing eyes. "Let me be!" she exclaimed angrily; "I'll not stir."

But Michael took a small bottle from his pocket, and pouring some of its contents on his handkerchief, hastily flung the latter over her face, and held it there by sheer force. In vain Norah struggled. The chloroform was too powerful for her; her brain reeled, and she became senseless. When she came to herself, she was lying on a coarse blanket in a little cave, which was dimly lighted by a hole through the side, far above her head. At first her eyes could distinguish nothing, so dim was the light, and so confused her brain from the effects of the drug; but gradually she could distinguish large bales of goods in sackcloth wrappers, barrels, and boxes, here and there an empty bottle, a broken pipe, and a box of matches, and the strong wooden door that kept her a prisoner. A prisoner she was, and no mistake; and the more she thought it over, the more helpless did she feel.

She lay on her blanket, for her head ached and swam, and she feared lest any movement should bring the hated Michael again before her eyes. It seemed that hours since she came to herself had passed, when he opened the door, and stood gazing at her. Norah did not move or raise her eyes.

"Sulking?" he said, with a slight sneering laugh; "well, that won't hurt you, or anybody else."

Here's your supper; I'm going home, and shan't be here till to-morrow afternoon, so you'll have had time to 'think it over' before we meet again. Duncan will be thinking I've run away with you if he doesn't find me at home. Good night. You won't be wanting a night-light, will you?"

He put a few hard sea biscuits on a barrel, and a cup of water, and shutting the door after him, shot the heavy bolt into its hole in the rock, and went away. Norah was alone in this dreary cavern, which was now fast becoming quite dark, as evening drew on. Harry must have begun to wonder at her prolonged absence, and would perhaps pass below this very spot in his search for her. Would he hear her if she shouted? She tried, but her voice seemed choked and strangled by the solid sandy walls on all sides. And even should she succeed in letting him know where she was, if Michael found him there he would fling Harry down the rocks with ease, for he was an enormously powerful man. No, she would remain quiet, still refusing to take the oath required of her till she should find some means of escape. Then kneeling to offer her usual nightly prayers to God and to the Blessed Virgin for safety and protection, with more fervor than she had ever yet breathed them, she lay down with a calm, strong heart, and fell asleep. When she awoke on the following morning, it was some minutes before she could collect her scattered thoughts and recollect where she was, and all that had passed. It was quite impossible to tell what time it was, but it seemed to her from the light that the day was far advanced. She ate the frugal breakfast that Michael had left for her on the previous day, and then set to work to examine her prison, to see if there were any mode of escape. But she

searched for some time in vain. The door was firmly fastened into the solid cliff, and other egress there was none. She dragged some boxes under the little slit that served her as a window, and piling one on the top of another, peeped out. But there was nothing to be seen except the blue sky, a passing cloud, or a gull flapping slowly by. She was too high even to distinguish the splash of the breakers beneath; and dismounting from her pedestal, she restored the boxes to their former place, fearful lest Michael should discover her anxiety to escape. As she did so, she broke an empty bottle that lay on the ground, and stooping to pick up the bits of broken glass, a sudden thought struck her. Might she scrape a hole through the door sufficiently large to allow her arm to pass through and draw back the bolt? Eagerly she tried, but the hard door laughed at her efforts, and the scraping sounded so hollow and loud, that she knew Michael must hear it long before she could be aware of his approach. With a sigh she threw away the glass, and sat down once more on her blanket to ruminate sadly on the peril into which her idle curiosity had brought her. By and by Michael's step sounded outside, and he opened the door.

"Well," he said, with the same taunting smile, "are you pretty well tired of your own company? You've had time to 'think it over' now, I guess. What do you say? Which is it to be?"

"I'll never be your wife, Michael White," replied Norah fiercely. "You may kill me, if you dare, but I'll be no wife of yours."

A scowl darkened the man's face as he listened to her answer, and for some minutes he stood there in silence.

"You've a fine spirit," he said coolly at last, "but I'll break it before I've done with you. I'll give

you a couple of days more of this, and see what you say then, and if you stick to what you say now, why, you know I'm not a man to break my word. Young Duncan came round to me last night, and I showed him all over my house to prove that you weren't there. I'm thinking I've thrown him off the scent for the present, so he won't be taking the jump from this cliff I promised him. I ain't going to starve you, so here's your dinner."

He put some dried fish and sea-biscuit on the barrel, and left her once more to her own thoughts. Norah's heart did not fail her yet. Much might happen in two days, and she ate her biscuit and fish cheerfully, and then began once more to search for means of escape. The door was hopeless, and she tried the sandy wall. With the aid of the bit of glass it crumbled, though not easily, and she thought that she might yet loosen that obstinate bolt that kept her from life and happiness. It made less noise than the door, but still she feared that Michael might hear, and resolved to wait until he left her in the evening. She knew he was there, for she heard him whistling softly to himself, and she sat down to wait patiently till evening came with a fresh ray of hope to cheer her. The hours dragged wearily on, and the tears would gather in her eyes as she pictured poor Harry's frantic grief at her disappearance. At length Michael opened the door, and throwing in a heap of biscuits, said gruffly, "You must make those last you as you can, for I'm not coming here till the day after to-morrow, so you must make up your mind by that time, for I'm tired of this work."

He slammed the door, and bolted it, and strode away, evidently ruffled by something that had occurred. Norah breathed more freely. She would be alone, then, for two nights and a day, free to work at the bolt, free, perhaps, to descend

as she had come, and once more return to Harry and happiness. Seizing her piece of glass, she set to work, scrape, scrape, scrape; pausing at times to listen, lest his declaration of intended absence might have been a ruse on the part of Michael to entrap her. But no; all was still, and patiently and vigorously she scraped the hard wall, slowly making her way to the socket of the bolt. At length, with arms and fingers aching, she lay down and went to sleep, knowing by the progress she had already made, that she would have time to finish her task before the return of her gaoler.

But it was harder work on the following day, for the grain of the stone grew closer, and the glass broke before it again and again. But patiently, steadily she worked on, pausing now and then to listen or to eat, though her arms and back ached with the unceasing exertions of hours. The streak of sunlight from her little window crept slowly across the wall, and then died out; the rosy glow of sunset faded into the gloom of night, but still she had not yet reached the bolt, and she knew not how early on the morrow Michael would arrive. It would be maddening indeed to be balked on the very eve of escape, and eagerly, frantically Norah worked away, as the darkness became deeper and deeper. Suddenly the glass broke short off in her hand. It was the last piece of the bottle which she had broken, and she groped about to find another. Then her hand came in contact with something on the ground. It was a box of lucifers. She struck one, found a bottle, and breaking the neck off, set to work once more. Now and then she struck one of her lucifers to see how she progressed, for she felt more and more convinced that if she did not escape before Michael's next return, all hope was gone. In the bright light of day she might be seen and brought back, even after

she had left the cave. Hour after hour she worked on, till, with an ecstasy not to be described, she felt the glass scrape the rough iron bolt, and in a few seconds she had pushed it back with quick, eager fingers, and stood free! Her heart beat wildly as she crept through the long dark passage in which she found herself. It wound on and on, now up, now down, till at length she perceived a little glimmer of light before her, and knew she was approaching the outer cave. Hastily, yet cautiously, she hurried forward, till a sight met her eyes that nearly brought a scream of terror and dismay to her lips. In the very mouth of the cave by which she had entered, sat a man, in whose broad shoulders and bullet head she recognized Michael White. He was gazing out to sea, apparently watching for somebody, and evidently had not heard her steps. Poor Norah! her heart sank as she found herself thus thrust back at the very moment of escape. She leaned against the wall for a few moments in an agony of indecision. Should she rush forward and pass him before he had time to see her, or should she wait patiently in the hope of his falling asleep? Even her terror could not bring her to the first alternative, and she stood perfectly still, waiting to see what he might do. Presently he turned his head, and taking up a bottle by his side, drank a deep draught of its contents.

"The coward!" he muttered angrily to himself, "he's afraid of this bit of a moon. He won't come, and I shall have to keep this girl here another night."

He settled himself against the side of the cave, and drank again and again from the bottle by his side. Norah watched him with renewed hope. He would soon feel the effects of the strong spirit, the odor of which filled the cavern, and fall asleep. She was right. His

head began to nod, then fell forward on his chest; his breath became heavier and heavier, until it was a loud snore, and he slept. With cautious, creeping step, and a heart beating so that it seemed to suffocate her, Norah advanced to the mouth of the cavern, past the sleeping man. Once he moved, and muttered some inaudible words, and the cold perspiration started to her forehead as she paused and held her breath. But he did not wake; a few steps more, and she would be free — another and another — the cool night air was on her face, the blue sky above her, and she was outside the cavern.

What sudden consciousness was it that made the sleeping, half-drunken man start up from his sleep just as Norah's head was disappearing beneath him? With a loud oath he sprang to his feet, and Norah, with a terrified wail, sprang wildly from point to point, clinging, scrambling, clutching in her eager haste, less fearful of the death below than of the wretch above, horribly conscious that he was following her with steps as rash and rapid as her own. She reached the bottom by the same huge boulder on which she had been sitting before she began her disastrous climb to the cavern; at that moment her eye fell on the fatal cliff, and as it did so a fearful scream reached her ears, a dark form dashed past her, and Michael White lay a crushed and quivering mass upon the rocks at her feet. With a scream of horror, she fled away from the dreadful spot, over the hard, smooth sands, towards the little village that lay wrapped in slumber. Her cries and knocks soon roused her uncle and aunt, who heard her strange tale with horror and surprise, and Harry was soon on the spot, holding his lost darling in his arms. The sun was just rising over the cliffs as the fishermen brought back the mangled body of their late comrade

to his home, there to await his burial in the quiet churchyard on the hill; but Harry was not with them, for he felt that he could not look with charity on the corpse of him who had sought to do him such a grievous wrong. There were few followers and no mourners at the funeral of the smuggler; but bright

smiles and hearty good wishes were on every side when, a week after, Harry Duncan led Norah Grey to the altar, and many a grasp of the hand did each receive in token of the sympathy that all had felt for them in the troubles that had ruffled the course of their true love.

A VISIT TO VESUVIUS.

THE two points of attraction of my last Italian journey lay above on Vesuvius and below in subterranean Rome. In the Roman catacombs we had for our distinguished guide a prince of the Church, who devotes himself to their investigation. The great results of such studies are now known, and a more natural and correct picture of the first centuries of Christendom is produced than those obscure representations of deathlike paleness and the darkness of the grave. I wished on Vesuvius, ten times over, for a scientific guide. How many dark secrets lie petrified around it! Longingly I thought, amid the smoke and roaring of the volcano, of my honored teacher who enlivened his sparkling geological lectures with a poetical intuition. Another new source of rich recollections I now found in Italy. But this lay neither above nor beneath the earth; the best part of it floated, as in Kaulbach's *Battle of the Huns*, in the air. It was the spirits of the old Goths, who, over the ruins of their royal city of Ravenna, over the half-buried tomb of Theodoric, over that wide, solitary pine forest by the solitary sea, go hither and thither in the air, mourning and sighing that they were slain so soon. Yet, always unsatisfied, they cannot quit the sight of that beautiful

land in which Gothic virtue was at least able to establish permanent forms of government.

Yet of Ravenna and the catacombs perhaps another time; now I would tell of our visit to Vesuvius.

We had actually given it up. The mountain was too uneasy. As soon as it was dusk in Naples, the red tuft of flame shone upon its heights, threatening and solemn. All night through one saw every couple of minutes the summit veiled in smoke and fire. In Pompeii every one said, it is exceedingly dangerous, impossible even to climb up to the crater. Travellers who had come down from the mountain had scarcely seen anything but the current of lava which had broken out at the cone of ashes. There did not seem to me to be sufficient to compensate us, that I should ask my lady companion to undergo the pain and fatigue which I was able to appreciate from a former ascent. We went therefore from Pompeii as far as Sorrento.

For those who do not wish to go to Sicily, there is no more beautiful resting-place on the Italian journey than Sorrento. Our entrance was favored. Before the gates of the city Signor Gargiulo met us,—the proprietor of the Cocumella in which I had spent so many pleas-

ant days five years before. The host recognized and greeted me immediately. The great flower-terrace with its rooms was vacant, the house not too full. A few minutes later we were surrounded by the refreshing shade, the fresh scent of flowers, and the deep, unchanging quiet which fill this house on the shore, distinguished among all the splendid spots on the earth. Ah, what heavenly days of repose were those again in Sorrento. Our terrace projected like an elevated hall, far out into the orange-garden, over whose green tops one looked into the blue sparkling sea. From the green woods around, from the screen of flowers on the terrace, rise inexhaustible perfumes; from the sea floats up eternal freshness. But the Gulf of Naples is grand enough to be pre-eminently sublime and beautiful. The shore opposite, with the green mountain behind, the strand beneath as if sown with pearls, the blue pointed heads of the islands swimming in the pure ether, all combines to form the most magnificent tableau, and all is as if drowned in splendor, and surrounded by eternal rest. One observes not how time passes, in looking and thinking. And this sea so sparkling and so lovely! When we sat below between the rocks, how beautiful were the green waves in their swelling and murmuring, and so clear and transparent, like mountain water, transparent even beneath their mirror to the mossy rocks, below, down to the gloomy depths out of which the white shells sparkled. The sun goes on its eternal course in the lofty firmament, the shadows grow longer; suddenly all the water swims in a red glow, and then a mist sinks down, and the rippling and whispering and plashing of the waves becomes louder,—yes, it is evening; one has not observed the passing of the day in this cool rest and quiet, where no thoughts throw any shadows of

strife into the heart, and the soul is bright and clear to the bottom, as the wide, warm, blue ether around, and the illuminated depths of the sea.

Only a little disquietude ever again returned; it was Vesuvius even, which looked down so proud in its might, so challenging. As the ruler of the gulf it had already met us when we descended at Capua from the coach. How beautiful and magnificent he stretched upwards, clothed in the purest velvet blue like a prince's mantle, the white cloud of smoke like a crown on his head. When we rode down, two evenings later, from Camaldoli, and the sun was setting, the entire mountain seemed drowned in rosy light, just as if a mild inward glow had broken out on every side. And now he thundered sullenly through the silence of Sorrento, and now he threw up his sheaves of flame into the night. A giant of the gloomy primeval ages he projected into the gentle present, dark, mysterious, and hostile to man. The volcano occupied the mind even when one was not looking at it. On the fourth evening we made a sudden resolution, and a quick three-horse team brought us speedily the four hours' journey to Pompeii,—a lovely drive in the night through blooming fragrant gardens, or down by the sea beneath lofty hills from which the white towns threw down their lights on the quiet mirror of the gulf.

It was late in the night when we arrived at the well-known inn "To Diomed," which lies close to the gates of Pompeii. One finds a lodging at need there. The upper room opens on a broad balcony. We stepped out. The wide starry heaven shone and sparkled with great power and brilliancy. The millions of stars looked down so earnestly and solemnly, and yet the night was so unspeakably mild and beautiful, full of softly breathing

perfumes, of secret charms, as if beneath the veil of the gentle darkness were hid many sweet secrets. The old experience occurred to me, that Italy gives us northerners a piece of the magical charms and perils of the Tropics. Nature here comes so cordially near us, yet in her gentle embrace lies something which softly seizes on the nerves of the soul and dissolves thought and will in delightful sensation.

Next morning we departed at daybreak. It was a wonderful morning, the 27th April, fresh and colored and bright everywhere. April, the Italian month of flowers, had not brought us this year much good; it had been a very damp April in Rome, a bitter northern companion. But these last days at the Bay were like the finest May days with us, only interwoven with Italy's golden sun and her wealth of flowers. The roses blossomed upon hedges and walls. The broad cactuses and aloes shone leaden green in the sun, and the houses seemed buried in vine leaves.

In Bosco tre Case the people put their heads out of the windows, and my companion often received a friendly "Early up, early up! *bella donna!*" But scarcely had we left the town behind us than three men with cords and sticks came trotting by our side. I knew the fellows from old experience, and prepared myself for an endless clatter of words to the top of Vesuvius. It did not last long, however, we saw them moving up to the mountain, gray points on the dark ground. They seemed so lazy, yet proceeded so rapidly.

The vineyards accompanied us far up the heights, when guides and horses had been long since wading in lava gravel. Wherever there was an opening in the black lava rubbish a pair of vines spread their green leaves in the dry desert. At length they ceased, here and there were still to be found coarse

tufts of grass. Even these soon became scarcer, and gradually we were surrounded by the black waste. Nature, when she rages in her primitive fury, terrifies us as with evil, man-hating powers, but nowhere do her traces seem so really ugly, so adverse to all our senses, as on the bare lava fields. In the meantime we still advanced pretty rapidly. The line of Vesuvius when seen from Sorrento is exceedingly beautiful; it goes up and down in one pure delineation. As beautiful as the mountain appears to the eye, as easy is it to ride up, because it rises everywhere gently and uniformly. One is on a considerable height before one suspects it, and the view back on the splendid plains below becomes always wider and more magnificent.

While the lava fields at Bosco tre Case have been formed since fifty years, we came in an hour and a half to a species of small plateau where two streams of lava cross one another, one of which was still smoking a little. This one was a fortnight old, the other had flowed more than twenty years before.

From this out it became steeper, and our horses had to take hold in earnest. "Macaroni! Macaroni!" was the cry with which the guides urged them on. This word, which exercises the greatest charm on the people, must also sound joyfully in the ears of their horses. Nevertheless they were cruelly beaten. Some Italians treat their animals like machines, which feel nothing. I had to think of an esteemed lady friend of mine in Rome, who in the goodness of her heart had founded an asylum for old horses, in order that they might not be whipped to death under the Droskies. A revolting spectacle was by this means removed from the streets; but the Italians laughed at the waste of money, and a priest was not a little indignant,—because horses had no souls of their own! Our poor horses

panted and clambered up slowly, and began to stumble. We were heartily glad when the halting-place was reached and we alighted. If you fall here with your horse, you will not escape contusions, because the pieces of lava are as sharp as glass and iron.

The three men, who were waiting at the halting-place, rushed towards us to hold our horses and offer sticks and cords. As we had two men with us, we did not need so many services, and then began that wild play of grimaces, protestations, and oaths, which are meant to soften or frighten the stranger. They conjured us in a stream of words; if they had shortened their sweet night's rest for nothing and nothing only? Merely on our account had they got up so early. Therefore we should be grateful and considerate to them. As I proceeded on, only laughing and jesting with them, all five followed us, and one cried louder than another. But the higher we mounted the more civil they became, and at last all was pleasant and satisfactory, when my wife seized on the cord of one and allowed herself to be dragged along. Then the others stayed behind, and wished us friendly a good journey.

One could easily make the last piece of the way passable for horses; for the present ascent from Pompeii, which is frequently, as it were, paved with pieces of lava, is not to be compared with the former cone of ashes. For a lady, it is always a laborious task to climb up between ashes and broken stones and blocks. Even a man must often stop to take breath, because the air is so warm. However, the whole is child's play to that which a chamois hunter goes through on the chase with his rifle on his shoulder. Our mountains, indeed, are quite silent. Ascending the heights of Vesuvius, one has, on the contrary, the unpleasant feeling as if the broad

back of a black living monster were rising up under one's feet and one were climbing up to his jaws.

"At length," said the guide, "we are on the top; no farther can we go." Not at all agreeably surprised, I saw a considerable mountain on my left, on whose summit it unceasingly smoked, rattled, thundered, and discharged huge fragments of ashes and stones up to the sky. Before us, round the foot of this head of Vesuvius, towards the side which is turned from the sea, was a long break like a narrow smoking terrace, covered with ashes and pieces of lava, and streaks of yellow sulphurous dust. From here down the streams of lava had poured quite recently into the valley, which formerly opened deep between the Somma and the cone of ashes. The sharp reefs of the Somma still, indeed, projected, but at their feet now lay heaped-up disorder like the remains of a frightful deluge of black rubbish, sand, and stones. Also here above all was changed. Five years ago Vesuvius had a broad flat summit, in the middle of which was sunk the circular crater. Of this summit only the edge seemed to me to be left, on which we struggled forward, and the new cone of eruption near us had lifted itself out of the old crater. What was formerly a mountain of ashes now showed itself covered with hardened streams of lava. One could also see by the flying stones which poured out thickly at the edge of the new summit, that there no flat surface any longer surrounded the crater.

It was a real land of hell into which we three were steering, all full of smoke, which now curled upwards, and now rolled lazily away, all black or gray or sulphurous yellow, rubbish, ashes, and fragments thrown up above one another as high as a house, and from the thunderer and rattler on

the top new stones and blocks were continually falling down. The ground was hot everywhere, and if one only pushed away a piece with the foot, the warm vapor immediately poured out. A glance backwards, when the smoke divided, on the glittering landscape, on the light blue gulf beneath, it was as if from hell into paradise. Only the devil's kitchen was here high above, while one thinks usually of the dear angels being in the blue atmosphere.

We first came to a circular gurgling hole of about ten feet in diameter, from which poured out steam and warm sulphurous air. One looked down into the black gulf as into a round smoking chimney. Pieces of lava, which I threw down, gave no sound of striking against anything. Thus, far greater than the opening above is the interior excavation, as if it were covered with a crust. Were bandits to visit now, as they did five years ago, the heights of Vesuvius, they would find this very convenient, if they wished to destroy the traces of some murderous robbery. For what is thrown into this gulf is doubtless consumed in a moment, skin and bones, by the glowing mass in its depths.

When we had gone a few steps farther, the guide pointed to a living stream before us. It seemed from the distance like black streaks and shadows moving away rapidly in a vapor. To come up to it, we had to pass through a little hollow. The guide lifted and helped my wife quickly over it. I stumbled a moment; it was but a second that I had bent my head, but I thought I should have fallen lifeless, so stifling was the hot fume of the sulphur. At the edge of the lava stream, we had before us, as it were, a breaking up of black flocs, between which the red-hot mass looked out gloomily. The heat was terrible, for the opening, from which the stream pro-

ceeded, was only a hundred steps farther up. As we wished to go to it, and the guide saw that my companion had courage enough, he seized her again under the arm, and the uncouth-looking man led and lifted her skilfully and attentively over the clods and blocks which had very sharp edges. We had to make a little circuit, which again led us through frightful sulphurous vapors, and then clambered up to the warm edge, until we stood close before the oven which vomited forth the red-hot stream. The lava came just like a stream from a steep mountain, which breaks out suddenly without any grotto or cave, and flows down rapidly. On its exit from the mountain the mass was glowing red; but in the air the surface began to harden immediately, and break up into black scales and pieces.

Never shall I forget the quarter of an hour which I spent at this lava fountain. The crater was straight above us, and did its work with hellish magnificence. Every two to three minutes there was a shove through the clouds of steam which veiled the summit. Before this every time a dull roaring went on, as if deep in the earth, the latter began to tremble gently, then followed hissing and gurgling, then rose whistling, rattling, thundering innumerable stones and blocks in a perpendicular line to the sky with incredible rapidity, whirling clouds of ashes and steam between. High in the air all spread out, and fell back into the crater like rain. Often the ashes were blown towards us; thousands of stones also fell over the walls of the crater, and danced and tumbled down the heights, many times huge blocks rolled to our very feet. All went as if by time, just as regularly as the work of a colossal steam-kettle, which, indeed, would have to be four thousand feet high, and of inconceivable breadth at the bottom.

It was as if subterranean water was entering the fire mountain by minutes and seconds, changed into steam, and thrown out with all the rubbish which was in the chimney. Whenever there were two feeble eruptions, one was certain to follow which was so much the more powerful, and which stood for a moment in the air like a gigantic black tuft. I cannot tell how this slow, solemn measure moved me, in which the most enormous powers of nature were here working. How often have I in the silent night leaned overboard and watched the regular heaving and sinking of the ocean. As formerly on the sea, here on the raging volcano I was filled with a presage of the immutable swinging hither and thither of the ever restless, ever equal pendulum, by which the immeasurable universe does its work.

The wind, which had hitherto driven the clouds of steam away from us, changed somewhat its direction. Suddenly we breathed in sulphurous vapors, scarcely could we see the ground. More quickly than we had ascended, we hastened back to the point of exit. There the air was free, and the wonderful prospect unspeakably refreshing and beneficial.

I had observed that the eruptions fell only over one part of the summit, and that the clouds which veiled the crater had, moreover, longer interstices between them. I therefore proposed to the guide that we should go from the place where we now saw the movement of the lava only from a distance up to the last height. He refused, however, most decidedly. "It is much too dangerous when the mountain is as uneasy as it is now. He would not take the responsibility. A stranger who had gone up three days before had returned with a shattered arm, half dead, struck by a falling block of lava. What did we want on the summit? We

could not reach it under half an hour, and we could not see a particle on the top from the smoke and clouds."

As the guide persisted in his refusal, there remained nothing for us in the meantime but to break-fast. Stretched on the warm ashes, we let our eyes wander over the splendid plains beneath. How the gulf shone! How the mountain peaks projected deep blue into the pure ether! Before and beneath us the true air of heaven, like a sea of deep, pure water, so enticing and so lovely that one might wish for a swing to rock one's self and float in this pure element,—and then a hot fume of sulphur came suddenly out of the black waste behind us, full of smoke and vapor and fury. Before us the air glittered with splendor and clearness, and if we turned round we could see it trembling over the hellish oven, just as the air with us in winter trembles over the hot stoves.

On the whole side of the mountain the different streams of hard lava stretched clear down. The stream which had poured down on this side a fortnight before had remained on half the height of the mountain, and stretched over the gray fields of ashes like a broad river of black clods and pieces. Deeper beneath, the older lava had formed a dark lake in the green pastures. Still farther down lay the ruins of Pompeii, which had imbedded itself right in the midst of a fruitful semicircle, beautifully bounded by hill and sea.

Yet the eye was always drawn away from the land as by a sparkling mass of light to the gulf and its shining surface. Here, deep beneath us, the steep incline of Vesuvius rose straight up from the mirror of the sea. At both sides the rocky coasts and, opposite, the strand of the islands, were surrounded by a mist like a thin silver veil, but high above, throned in

the blue sky, sharply notched, rose on the left the high-peaked Mont Angelo; in the middle, the huge rock of Capri, lying straight before the gulf; on the right, the proud royal head of the Epomeo at Ischia. On a sharper examination, white points sparkled through the whitish mist,—the Castle of St. Elmo, Nisita Vivara, Procida, Ischia.

Yet also in our vicinity there was something to see. Around our breakfast-place there swarmed little narrow chafers of a dark-brown color, like those one finds with us under every loose stone. How came they up? When one scratched the ashes with a stick, a couple of them would fall dead immediately from the hot exhalation. They had not, therefore, crawled up. Neither could their larvæ have lain among the old rubbish; for the ashes, which had covered it, had come too lately from the crater above us. The chafers must, therefore, have been, while flying—for they had wing-sheaths—taken in swarms by a current of air, and carried up the mountain. Still, their great number remains enigmatical. This swarming little life near the hot jaws of desolation.

When our breakfast was eaten, and our guide appeared in better humor, I again urged him to attempt climbing up the mountain. Again, with every appearance of terror, he refused and implored us to come some other day, when the mountain was quieter. I asked him what he would do if we went up without him? Then he would wait two hours, he said, and, if we did not come back, he would go down and give notice. As my wife, also, had long been convinced that there was no danger, we began to climb up. It was not so difficult, because the ground, although very hot in some places, consisted less of loose ashes than of stones and a new kind of sulphur-cakes. On looking back I saw that our good Curzo Dom-

inica—so our guide was called—had seated himself tranquilly. But when we entered the clouds, he sprang up suddenly, was with us in a few bounds, and played again the diligent and obliging servant, picking his way skilfully between the yellow heaps of sulphur. In less than ten minutes we were on the top. As if stunned, we stood in the beginning at the howling and raging and crashing before us and beneath us. We looked as if from the sharp edge of a wild upturned chain of mountains down into a huge black gulf, full of steam, from which boiling currents of air and black masses were thrown up. By degrees, when the clouds divided a little, the outlines became clearer and the view more quiet for observation. It was the most frightful, and at the same time most magnificent, scene, one of those spectacles which fix themselves powerfully in the memory and remain henceforth indestructible, just as when one has seen for the first time the great ocean in a wild storm and tempest.

Five years before, as already remarked, the crater was on the level summit of the mountain, in the middle of which it formed a beautiful wide circle. Its inner walls shone in every color, diversified and hung with the most beautiful crystals of sulphur, green and red and yellow and brown. The bottom was a level ground of ashes and sulphur; here and there a little cleft showed itself, out of which steam drizzled up. The whole was an empty kettle of immense diameter sunk into the flat head of the mountain, quite empty, and with beautiful yellow sides.

It was now altogether different. The crater seemed much smaller and much less deep, but it had black fissured walls with sharp reefs, just like the Somma when seen from below. A deep and black upturned mountain peak would give the best idea of it. The ground, however,

was level as formerly, and covered with ashes and sulphur. In the floor of the crater, straight below us, was a large round hole, exactly in the middle, out of which there was a constant hissing and gurgling. A yellow-brown mass seemed to be cooking and steaming inside. On the other side below, in the crater, stood a new mountain of ashes of regular form, which almost reached to the top of the highest reef. From the mouth on the top of this cone, which seemed to be only composed of ashes, came the thundering and cracking and the eruptions, during which the entire mouth of the crater seemed continually to tremble.

To get so close to the volcano to look, as it were, into its chimney, had quite a peculiar attraction. It looked magnificent, as the thousands of clods and fragments came rushing out, as just so many black rockets, rose in the air, and separated high up, in order to fall back into the abyss, or to be hurled over the walls of the crater. Yet I was seized with a slight shudder when a couple of fragments fell close to the spot where we had hitherto stood, on the declivity near the lava fountain. Here, above, we were out of the reach of the rain of stones. Danger would only be incurred if

one rashly stepped into the crater over the pointed cliffs. Then the crust of lava or ashes would break, and one would go down and never be seen again. One would be killed in a moment by the hot fumes of the sulphur. Every one should, therefore take good care not to forget the direction of the wind, lest, when the vapors surround him, he might jump some feet deeper into the crater.

The fumes were at last too strong for us, and in a few steps we were safe again. Then we went jumping and running and sliding down the mountain, the last reward for the troublesome ascent. The people at the halting-place called out to us their good wishes, and the guide who was with our horses quickly brought out fresh shoes, as those my companion had on her feet were not worth much. The horses, after their rest, brought us quickly to the breakfast and good Capri wine at the "Diomed," and three hours later we were again in Naples. When we came out of the San Carlos, about midnight, and Vesuvius was doing his best to fire and to lighten, he no longer seemed to us nearly so threatening and terrible. We had seen the great lord when close to him.

WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO TURN UP.

ON how many hearts will these words find an echo? "Waiting for something to turn up." We all know what it means in some shape or way. To me it is the saddest, weariest thought imaginable; to some it has brought despair and madness. How many weeks, months, and years have been endured and fretted away "waiting for some-

thing to turn up!" The poet's words about "hope springing eternal in the human breast" give a clue to the enduring power that enables us thus to go on "waiting," although the "something" keeps ever receding, and eluding the grasp of the anxiously stretched-out hand.

Let us look for a few minutes into

the home of a certain family, fitted by intelligence and education and honesty of purpose to do the work of life creditably. Great sacrifices had been made to prepare those fine bright youths for the battle of existence. There they are, with all their early fire and ambition, ready to fly at a moment's notice to any sort of work. They have friends and introductions, surely "something will turn up." And they "wait," and their little five-year old brother "waits," too, for the toys he is to have when the "something" turns up; but it seems very long to "wait," and at last the poor little fellow only looks at the toy-shop and says, nervously, "Mamma, has Robert got a 'swation' yet?" But they live on bravely, leaning upon hopes kindled by the promises of friends who were just the sort of people to hear of "something."

At last health and spirits begin to wane; the clothes, obtained to make an appearance when "something should offer," are getting shabby, and the home income, already far too small for the family wants, seems to have shrunk into something less than it used to be. Do you think these lads have sat idle and listless by the fireside simply "waiting?" Not at all; their "waiting," poor fellows, has consisted in many a long trudge, and many a carefully penned letter, to ask for employment. The work was long in coming, and the "waiting" was disastrous. The boys went wrong, the father died mad, the poor mother (she was a foreigner of noble birth; I remember her as a bride in her orange blossoms and ancestral diamonds) dragged out her days in extreme poverty, and fever at length released her weary soul.

There is a lodger in the top back room of a poor but decent house. He is a tall, pale man, apparently a gentleman, but very poor. He passes much of his time indoors, but

takes no meals at home. Perhaps he too is "waiting." He always seems anxious for the postman's knock, and generally, after the receipt of a letter, goes out, probably to post a reply, or call somewhere, in the hope that for him at last "something has turned up." Who can tell what are his privations, his weariness, lost chances, and uncertain future?

There is the lawyer, the doctor, with their cultivated intellect, high notions of duty and refined manners. How many of these, with and without family cares, are growing prematurely old with the same sad thing, "waiting for something to turn up!" Men and women know it equally.

A ladylike woman of middle age took a house in our neighborhood a year ago. She evidently had friends of position, for during the season I saw several handsome equipages at her door, and from the manner of their occupants towards my neighbor, it was easy to see that she was well known too, and probably loved by them—but, excepting a few arrivals and departures, the house has had no inmates but the lady and her two servants. I lately heard through an agent that the house was to be disposed of by letting or sale, and this induced me to make a few inquiries.

I learned that the lady has been a governess. After long years of toil, she has sunk her all in furnishing a house, hoping, through her many friends and by advertisements to obtain boarders, and so maintain a home. But no one seems to require the accommodation she has to offer, and she has been for a year vainly "waiting for something to turn up."

We can imagine how drearily the weary months have passed for that once active woman—how she has compelled herself to be patient, to sit day after day, nicely dressed, "waiting."

And her nights—how many sleepless ones! And now, poor soul, if she had no capital to depend upon through this long stagnation, she must be sold out, and turn again into the bleak world, and toil as formerly, but at a discount; for she is now neither young nor strong, and will at once be rejected by many as “too old.” We cannot tell what loving hopes and plans were in her mind when taking her house, possibly to make a shelter for poorer sisters now abroad, or the little children of another. Her scheme has failed, and she is probably penniless and broken-hearted.

We know, too, of a house, where the father is out of employment, and the anxious, toiling mother

tries to keep up the hope that “something will turn up.” Her little ones want clothing and education. The scanty means barely provide food and firing, but she goes on in patient trust. Her pale face tells of self-denial, and many a sleepless night.

And so millions on the wide earth are ever sending up to God’s throne the ceaseless chant, *Kyrie eleison, Miserere nobis*, all the while they are “waiting for something to turn up.” How many of our well-to-do people in business trouble their heads to give a lift to the boys of a struggling family? It is as great a charity to help middle-class poverty as the poverty of the poor.

THE PASSION FLOWER.

WHEN the Spaniards discovered South America they saw, amongst other plants new to them, a climbing shrub, having from two to three fruit-bearing flowers, unlike any they had ever seen. One day a priest was preaching to the Peruvians, or aboriginal inhabitants, amidst the wild scenery of their native forests. His subject was the Passion of Our Lord. His eye suddenly glanced at this curious flower, which hung in festoons from the trees overhead, and like St. Patrick with the shamrock, he saw with the eye of a Saint a vivid picture of the sad story of Calvary. The rings of threads which surround the cup of the flower, and which are mottled with blue, crimson, and

white, suggested the crown of thorns, stained with blood, to his mind, tutored by meditation; the five anthers, on the stamens, represented the five wounds; the three styles, the nails which fixed Our Blessed Lord to the Cross; and the singular column which rises in the centre of the flower, were made to bring before the minds of these wild savages the harrowing scene of the Second Sorrowful Mystery of the Most Holy Rosary.

So, without Bibles or books, did this holy man instruct his converts on the Passion; and to this day our beautiful creeping garden flower is called “The Passion Flower.” In all languages it bears the same name.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CHRISTIAN CEMETERY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY; or, The Last War Cry of the Communists. By Monseigneur Gaume, Prothonotary Apostolic. Translated from the French by Rev. Richard Brennan, A. M., with a Preface by Very Rev. Thomas S. Preston, V.G. New York and Cincinnati: Benziger & Bros., 1874.

The Angelus in the Nineteenth Century and The Sign of the Cross in the Nineteenth Century, together with the book before us, are sufficient indicators from their very titles that Monseigneur Gaume is the preacher of the poetry of spirituality to a materialistic age, but they do not tell with what incisive penetration, beauty of sentiment, and theological accuracy he fulfils his labor of love. The satanic propagators of free thought, subversive of all religious principles and all Christian practices, have in their efforts to divorce the soul from God pursued it from the cradle to the grave, in their eager endeavor to prevent religious influences from gaining an ascendancy over it. The present volume is a sacred philippic against those infidel teachers who would banish all religious services from the funeral ceremony, as they have from the marriage rite. We regret that space and time will not permit us to give a lengthy detail of the sentiment of this truly beautiful work, revealing, as it does, the holiness of a Christian's body glorified in our risen Lord, and subjected to so many sacred ordinances and sacramental rites, as well as to the sacredness of that hallowed ground of the consecrated Christian cemeteries to which the body is consigned as kindred dust. The place which cemeteries hold in the Christian dispensation is also considered historically. In these days when the paganish system of cremation is assuredly gaining ground in the minds of our infidelity tutored people, such a book comes most opportunely. We are writing this review on the newly law-established festival of Decoration Day, and as we pen these lines, the music of the military bands which accompany our soldiers to the decoration of their comrades' graves with flowers, reminds us that even Protestantism has not been able to root from the heart the natural instincts of the dignity of our corporeal dust; how much higher

then must be the Catholic's regard for those human ashes, regarded in the supernatural glance of faith, and how deeply incumbent upon the children of the Church by a modest and duly restricted respect for the soulless clay, and the cemetery where it is enshrined, to counteract the attempts of wicked men to depreciate the immortal casket of the immortal soul to a mass of material corruption, thus depriving it not only of its tribute of respect after death, but sanctifying even in life the indulgence of those degrading passions to which the natural flesh is heir.

THE BALTIMORE GUN CLUB (from the earth to the moon). Translated from the French of Jules Verne, by Prof. Edward Roth, A. M. Philadelphia: 1874.

Jules Verne is an author ranking high in the estimation of many cultivated lovers of literature. He occupies the same position to French letters that Offenbach does to French music, being light, graceful, and humorous in style, and frothy in burlesque. Prof. Roth, whose name is so familiar to our citizens as to need no introduction, has been, to quote his own words, "fairly fascinated" with Verne's writings, and believing them "just the thing" for American readers, has determined to present the English speaking public with a translation superior to those already given.

"*The Baltimore Gun Club*" is the first of the series. In addition to the above-mentioned characteristics, inherent in all Verne's works, this one possesses the additional merits of familiarity in its author unusual for a European with American localities, and the characteristics and peculiarities of our people throughout their sectional diversities. Indeed, the book is so thoroughly American in tone, and has been so admirably and naturally translated, that we are at a loss to imagine how it could have ever been at home in its native land, or felt at ease in speaking with its mother tongue; and yet, withal, it preserves the individuality of its native "Frenchness," combining it so charmingly with the originality of its adopted country as to make it one of the sprightliest and most genial of companions, es-

pecially in the "light reading" hours of the approaching annual heated term.

Prof. Roth's excellent preface so ably portrays the author's style, that we will merely say that the plot, if plot it can be called, relates how a certain club of damaged military and scientific martinets in Baltimore, started during the rebellion for the purpose of inventing all sorts of wonderful killing machines of the genus artillery. Finding that the proceedings of April 9th, 1865, at Appomattox Court-House, Virginia, had put a stop to their occupation, they were in danger of dissolution by natural inactivity, when their president startles them by calling a general meeting, and proposing to them to direct their engineering energies and abilities towards the organization of a projectile railroad to the moon. The rest of the work narrates the history of the attempt, with what a result we will not anticipate for the reader, for all good Americans are supposed to have the pride and welfare of their country sufficiently at heart, to take an interest for themselves in studying the solutions of all problems emanating from the inventive genius of the Yankee cranium.

THE FRENCH PRISONER IN RUSSIA.

Translated from the French by a graduate of St. Joseph's, Emmittsburgh. New York Catholic Publication Society, 1874. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son.

GLORY AND SORROW AND SELIM; or, The Pacha of Salonica. Translated from the French by a graduate of St. Joseph's, Emmittsburgh. New York Catholic Publication Society, 1874. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son.

We hope that we are casting no unmerited disparagement upon our own writers, when we say that we can always more safely recommend translated Catholic books than those from the pens of our native Catholic penmen. Not that the morality or sentiments of the latter are generally dangerous; we would by no means insinuate such an opinion; but that they utterly fail to convey the truths they seek to enforce upon the reader's mind, with that charm of diction or originality of thought which are so naively blended in the works of transatlantic authors. Especially is this true of juvenile books. Young people are both poets and philosophers; their minds must be reached through the medium of the senses captivated by the magic wand of

fancy. A fairy tale will impress upon them many a wholesome truth, where a sermon or prosaic instruction would find its occupation fruitlessly gone. Herein lies the merit of such books as the two enumerated above; a literary grace which seems to be the particular prerogative of French writers, arising from a simplicity of character, of which we practical Americans cannot boast. The illustrations which embellish these stories must add very materially to their effect, both as handsome publications and as a means of quickening the interest of our young readers in the stories themselves, which put in an appearance, as the lawyers say, most opportunely, at the commencement and holiday season when "premiums" are at a premium.

DE ABSOLUTIONE PARENTIBUS, QUI PROLEM SCHOLIS PUBLICIS SEU PROMISCUIS INSTITUENDAM TRADUNT NEGENDA NECNE, SPECIMEN, QUOD JUDICIO VENERABILIS CLERI AMERICANI ET EARUM REGIONUM, IN QUIBUS SCHOLARUM PUBLICARUM SEU PROMISCUARUM VIGET SYSTEMA, AD PROMOVENDAM PRAXIS UNIFORMITATEM, SUBMITTIT, A. KONING'S CONGREGATIONIS SS MI REDEMPTORIS. IN COLLEGIO ILCHESTERIENSI EJUSDEM CONGREGATIONIS AD S. CLEMENTIS S. THEOLOGIE AC SS CANONUM PROFESSOR. BOSTONIÆ: TYPIS PATRICII DONAHOE, 1874. Received through Cunningham & Son.

We gladly recommend to the clergy and episcopacy this specimen; it being, as its title and the language in which it is written import, intended especially for them. The open discussion and the importance of the subject on which it treats, only serve to render its publication more important and most timely. It bears the approbation of several bishops and the Very Rev. Superior of the Redemptorists.

THE LIFE OF ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS OF THE ORDER OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL, by David Lewis. New York Catholic Publication Society, 1874. Received through Cunningham & Son.

Love of the cross is the surest mark of the Christian's love for God; the imposing of the cross is the most certain sign of God's love for the Christian. This we know is an incomprehensible doctrine to our ease-loving and corrupt pleasure-seeking age, and we therefore hope that this beautiful life of the great spiritual

son of St. Teresa, called as he was by a special vocation to be a most ardent lover of Jesus crucified, will not fail as a missionary to the votaries of a world enslaved by basest pleasures and degrading passions, even if the fruits of that mission be miracles of conversion. The fact that the book is the work of a devout layman should be only an additional recommendation to "liberal" Catholics, who live in a chronic fear of being overcome by "priest-ridden" sentiments.

THE CHILDREN OF MARY. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1874. Received through Cunningham & Son.

This book is a reprint of a well-known compilation, containing short sketches of certain very devout young ladies, who some years since edified the "*maison des oiseaux*" at Paris, by their exemplary piety. The handsome style in which this new edition is issued would make it a very neat present for the young lady members of the world-wide association of the "*Enfants de Marie*," and while serving to encourage their devotion and zeal, its perusal would at the same time not do one bit of harm to some of the "fast" daughters of the palatial house of Liberalism.

TIGRANES. A Tale of the times of Julian the Apostate. By Father George Joseph Franco, S.J. 1 vol. 12mo.

LIFE OF ST. THOMAS OF VILLANOVA, with an Introductory Sketch of the Men, the Manners, and the Morals of the Sixteenth Century. 1 vol. 12mo.

ADELINE DE CHAZAL; or, First Experience of the World after Leaving School. Translated from the French. 1 vol. 12mo.

AMELIA; or, The Triumph of Piety. Approved by the Archbishop of Tours. 1 vol. 12mo.

We have received from P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, the above new Catholic books, which we most cordially recommend, not only to general readers but also to our schools, academies, and colleges, as very suitable for premiums. We have postponed until our July number a review especially of the two first-named works, because the lateness of the date of their reception prevents us from criticizing them as fully and as favorably as we know their merits deserve. **TIGRANES**, the first on the list, is familiar to most of the readers of the "*Messenger of the Sacred Heart*," it being reprinted in book form from that popular serial.

MADAME AGNES AND THE FARM OF NUCERON. New York Catholic Publication Society, 1874. Received through Cunningham & Son.

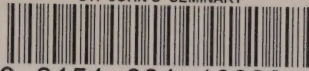
It is scarcely necessary for us to review or recommend the two capital novelettes so well known to the readers of the *Catholic World*, in which their publication serially has just been completed, and which now come to us beautifully bound in the uniform style with which all the novels from that excellent magazine have, from time to time, been presented in a permanent form to the public.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From P. O'Shea, N. Y.: "*The Neptune*;" "*Rosemary*;" "*Truth and Trust*;" "*The Vestal*, an historical tale of the century."

From D. & J. Sadlier & Co., N. Y.: "*For-Husks Food*;" "*Gerald Marsdale*."

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